

Saltus Grammar School



Yearbook
1977 - 78

A very faint, large watermark-like image of a classical building with four prominent columns is visible in the background of the page.

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SALTUS JUNIOR SCHOOL



Bk. row, l-r. Winni Peniston; Jennifer Madeiros; Cathy Manuel; Karen Hendrickson; Karen Goodwin; Lynn Cordon; Karen Ruskin; Laura Saints. Ft. row, l-r. Guy Lightbourn; Carlos Lee; David Evans; Rene Vermeulen; Charles Curtis; Peter Blaney.

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The Editors would like to express their thanks to Mr. Bill Gresham and the Bermuda Press for the assistance and advice so willingly given us.



R. V. Haygarth, Esq., M.A. (Oxon)

SALTUS GRAMMAR SCHOOL
PEMBROKE BERMUDA

R. V. HAYGARTH, M.A.

HEADMASTER'S OFFICE

Respect for other people's property. Standards are slipping, at least in the Senior School; we have the whole gamut, from borrowing without returning, by way of borrowing without asking and finding and keeping, down to the occasional downright theft. Pencils, pens, geometry set items and even whole sets, sneakers, gym clothes, anything. The problem is compounded by the present day carelessness of most boys with their own things, even valuable things; some boys live in such chaos that they seem to expect something to be missing most of the time and it is some time before they notice a loss. Luckily, nine-tenths of the accusations of theft that can be investigated turn out to be carelessness, misplacing, not searching properly; in fact, lost property. Very seldom do we have a water-tight case. I wish we did; they are easy to deal with.

The root of it all is selfishness. "Someone else can tidy up after me". "It isn't my job to give this back; he shouldn't have left it around." "I need some sneakers, so I'll use these; someone else can get into trouble". And, finally, of course, "everybody does it".

But why? Most boys at Saltus are "good guys". There are a very few not so good. Why do the good guys allow it? Why are they so feeble and acquiescent, with the not-so-good calling the tune and setting the standards? Why does this much-sung peer pressure work only one way, in this area, as in many others?

A headmaster's end of year depression, perhaps, but I do not think I am exaggerating. Anyway, in a Yearbook so full of incitements' to pride, perhaps this is a useful antidote.

R. V. Heygorth

R.V. Haygarth



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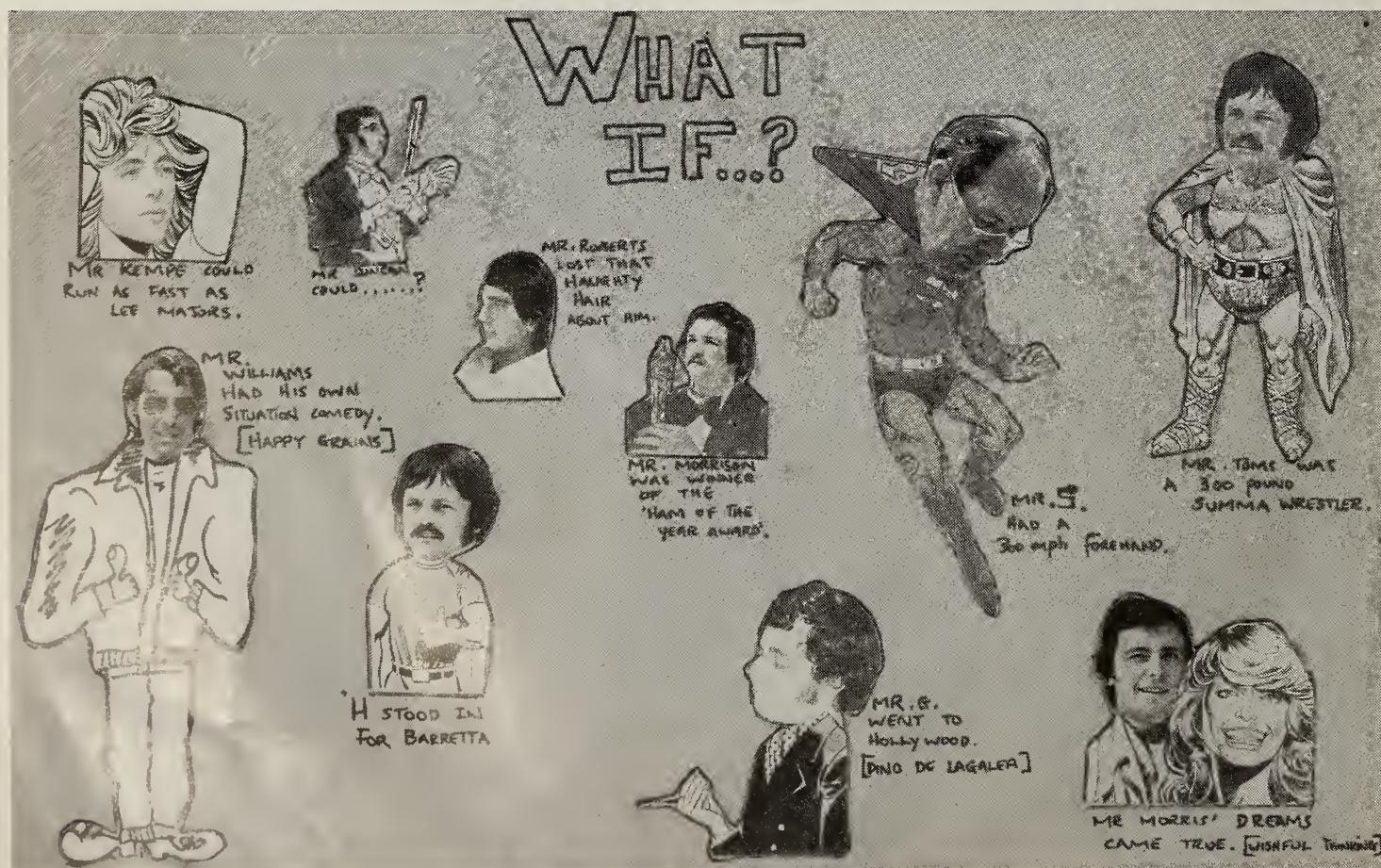


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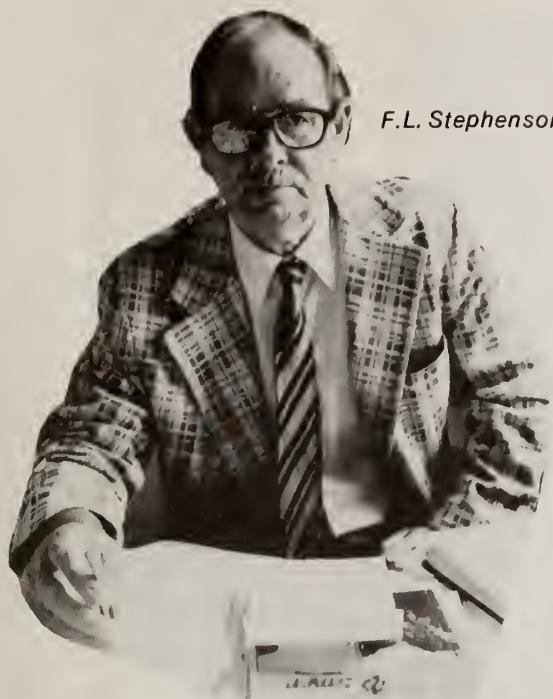
THE SENIOR SCHOOL

TEACHERS

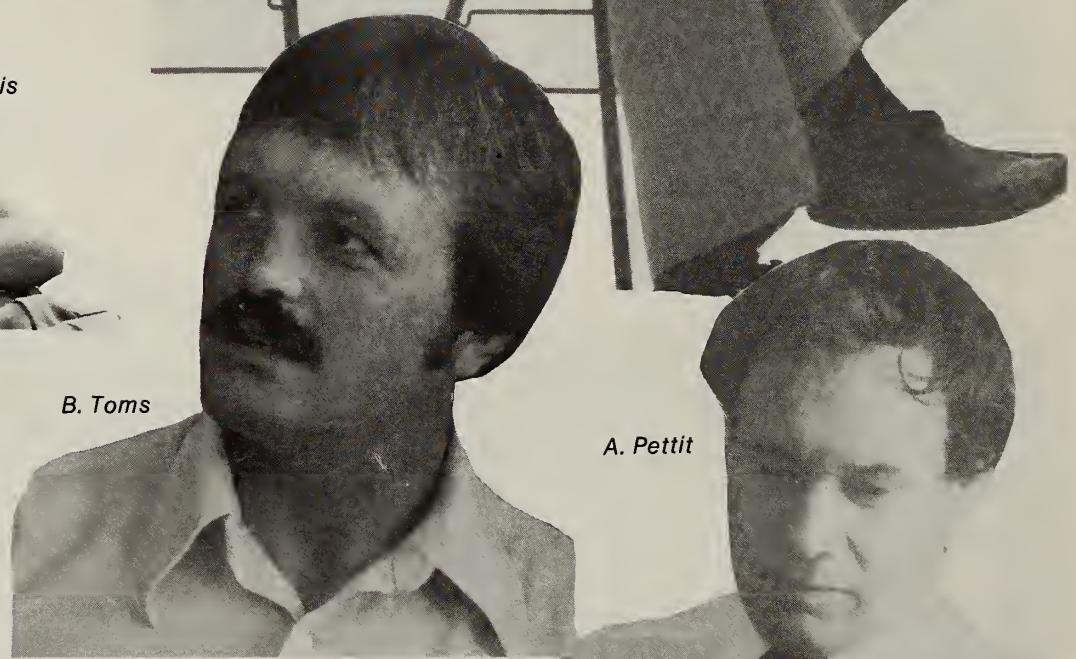
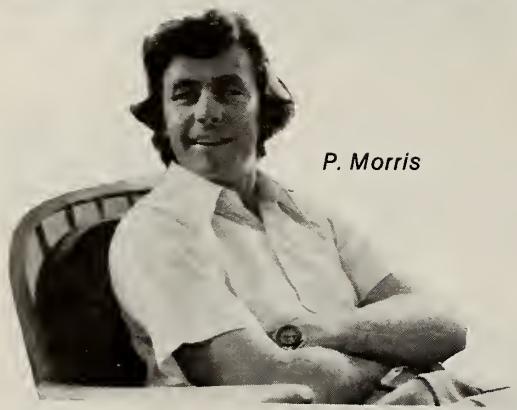
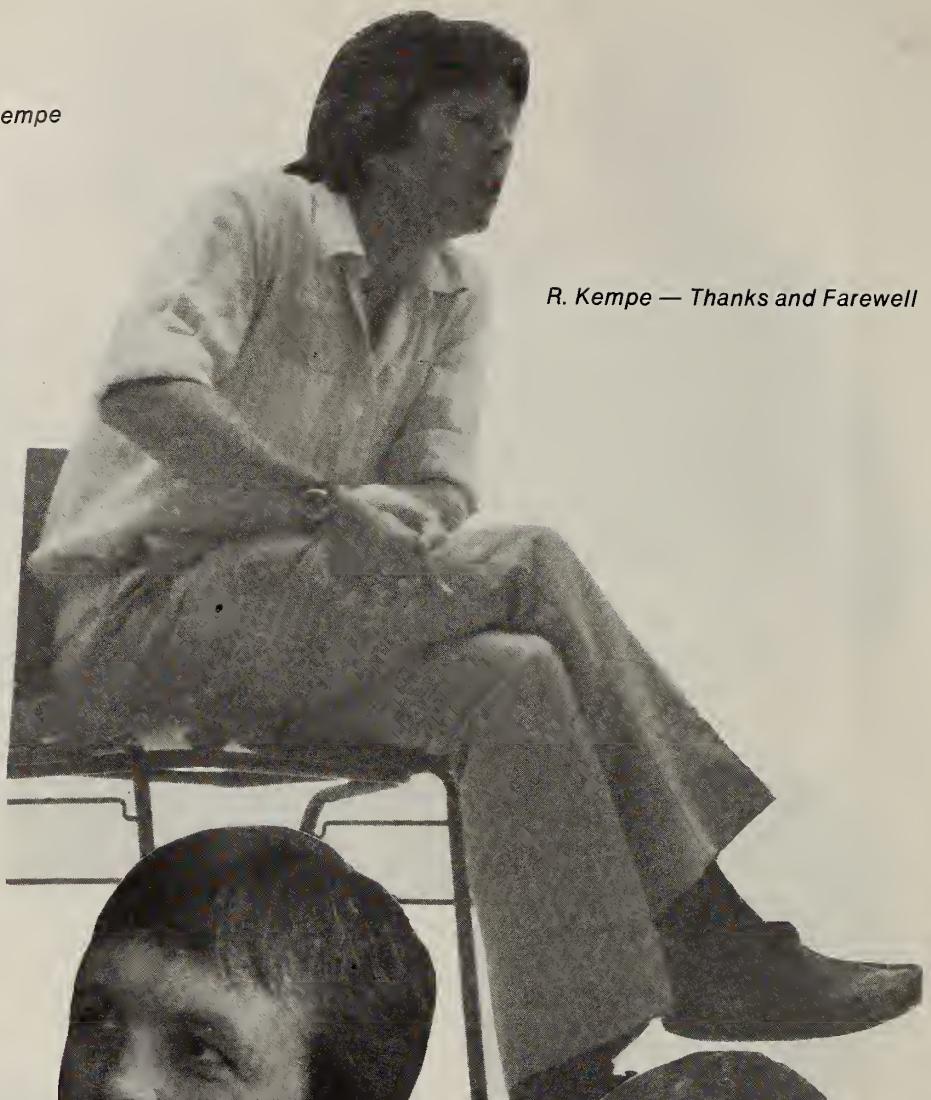
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by M. Bishop



(Conyers)



C. McKelvie



C. McKelvie — Goodbye and Good luck

Goodbye and Good luck

J. Beard



M. Durrant



W. Hanlon



D. Harrison



"Who's watching the classes, H.M.?"

NEW TEACHERS 1978

Next September, we welcome a completely new English team to the Senior School.

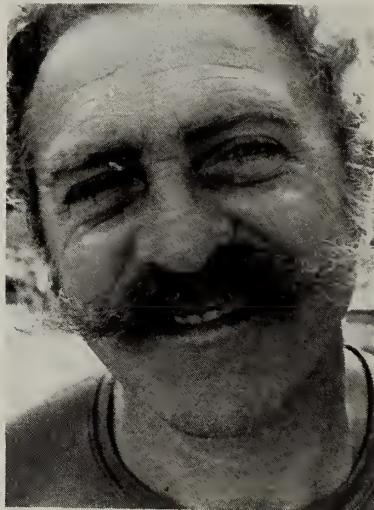
MR. NIGEL KERMODE comes to us after six years' experience in secondary schools in Norfolk and Rutland. He holds an Honours B.A., from the University of East Anglia. He is a qualified librarian and will take over the library. His considerable experience in both acting and directing plays will be very helpful in filling in the gap left by the loss of Mr. Paul Galea. He is married, with two children.

Mr. THEO VAN ZWANENBURG holds an Honours B.A. from the University of Toronto and a P.G.C.E. at London University. He has taught two years in the United Kingdom and two in Papua, New Guinea, and is presently completing his Master's degree in English at the University of Waterloo. He is no stranger to Bermuda, having married a Bermudian. He has one son.

Also married to a Bermudian is MRS. MARY LODGE, who will take over the Biology; her husband, Dr. Jeremy Lodge, is returning to Bermuda to become a resident psychiatrist at St. Brendan's Hospital. Mrs. Lodge holds an Honours B.Sc. degree at Swansea University and has been teaching for four years at Sherborne Girls' School and at a comprehensive school in Nottinghamshire.

The French will be taken over by MR. RICHARD GARDNER, B. Ed. (Cambridge), who comes to us from a school in Suffolk. He is a man of many parts; a Duke of Edinburgh Gold Medallist, he also plays the violin and has a qualification in pottery.

Once again, very happily, we have no changes to report in either the Junior or Preparatory Departments.



"I am"

SENIOR YEAR



SENIOR YEAR 1977 — 78

I'm sure Mr. Ziegler can verify that this year's Senior Year wasn't as bad as he may have anticipated. The press even thought we were worth a few words of honour. Rene Vermeulen, Philip Smith, and Vance Campbell were the most outstanding students, Rene was admitted into four Ivy League Universities, Philip ended up accepting a soccer scholarship from George Washington University and Vance was awarded a \$5,200 scholarship from Franklin and Marshall. Mary Tavares obtained a \$1,500 scholarship from Mount Saint Vincent. One third of the class graduated with overall honours. This year, the Senior Year Award went jointly to Jennifer Madeiros and Chris Popper.

Those are a few of the achievements of the students. However, we do expect many more achievements in the future:-

Sue and Mark will be our first married couple, Charles our first international marathon walker, Chris our first party doctor, John Edmunds our first motorcycle racer and sailing pro, and Brian Hollis our first telephone pole destruction officer.

One of the new teachers, Mr. McKelvie, proved that his teaching was of a high standard and we are expecting some superb pieces of literature to be published in the near future so look out for them!

1. "How to care for your pet walrus" — Lisa Adamson
2. "Living life to its fullest" — Karen Goodwin
3. "Muscle building procedures" — Peter Blaney
4. "How to FLUNK out of Senior Year" — Jennifer Madeiros
5. "How to get out of typing lessons" — Lynn Cordon

Those are expected achievements. We are also aware of things that will never happen like the day Philip arrives on time for registration, the day Laura arrives on time for Chemistry, the day Johan arrives without his umbrella and the day Lisa Sibley arrives at all! The day David misses a party, Tyrone misses a try, Vance misses a chance, Karen Hendrickson misses some gossip, and Jon Vickers misses a lunch.

Jane Conyers found partying a easier sport than school while Rene found everything easier than anyone else! Baby Carlos and midget Cindy found out that being unique was simply fantastic and kept their chins up.

One sunny day in early May we all noticed that, to our surprise, Mr. Ziegler was in a good mood!!!! We found out later that he had had a baby — well, Mrs. Ziegler actually HAD it! Maybe things like that should happen more often! — No, really, our congrats to the new Mom and Dad.

Yes, we had some pretty "hairy" experiences last year. First of all, Karen Ruskin got a brush stuck in her hair and nobody turned up for Maths because we had to help her get it out. Sue happily put on her helmet only to find a great wad of sticky chewing gum inside it. Somebody knocked over a ten ounce can of orange "yuce" (that's juice in English) into Johan's helmet. Winifred came into the Gibbon's Room one morning and shocked everyone as she had gone from flat to fluffy (with only this much Pre!!!!)

The enthusiastic athletes in the form stopped for no-one and insisted on playing cricket (with a hockey stick) in the Gibbon's Room. Luckily, Mr. Ziegler never noticed the six smashed windows and of course nobody told him.

The Graduation Dinner held at Sonesta Beach Hotel was a great success (due to the speedy organization of Chris and Jenny). The guest speaker, Mr. Julian Hall, aroused everyone's attention and was very interesting. Some of the remarks made by Mr. Ziegler and Mr. Haygarth during their speeches were ordered to be taken from the records. Friday's sunrise was seen by most (however feebly!), but some people were overcome by hiccups and had to be taken home. How many remember the extensive evening you ask?? — Well, I refuse to comment at this time!

Well, as they say, "all good things come to an end", and Senior Year wasn't such a bad way to cool out for a year — I suppose!! I don't think any of us could have made it through without each other and for sure none of us could have made it without Michael Fox's musical knowledge, Sarah's German talents, Brian Cook's chauvinism and presidential qualities, Jane Downing's intelligence and comics, Karen Ruskin's abundance of compliments, Kim's health and beauty, Anna's sympathetic nature, Johnny Nisbett's encouraging smile, Guy's determination, Winifred's photography, Peter Goggin's wit, and of course we must never forget (could we ever???) Mr. Ziegler's constant kick in the rear which kept us all alert ... thanks!

See y'all at our ten year reunion,

Laura Saints



Lisa Adamson — Alaska



Peter Blaney — Trent



David Buckley — Wilfrid Laurier



Vance Campbell — Franklin and Marshall



Tyrone Chin — Western Ontario



Jane Conyers — Lassel



Brian Cook — Guelph



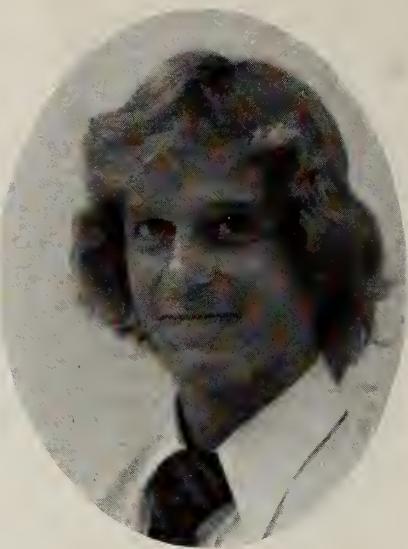
Lynn Cordon — Trent



Charles Curtis — Daniel Webster



Jane Downing — Simmons



John Edmunds — Acadia



Michael Fox — Montclair State



Peter Goggin — Northeastern



Karen Goodwin — Sir Sandford Fleming



Karen Hendrickson — Acadia



Brian Hollis — Queen's



Carlos Lee — Queen's



Guy Lightbourn — Mt. Allison



*Johan Lundquist — from Sweden
Rotary Exchange Student*



Jennifer Madeiros — Word of Life Bible Institute



Cathy Manuel — Mt. Allison



Jonathan Nisbett — McGill



Winifred Peniston — Simmons



Mark Petreault — Dalhousie



Chris Popper — Middlebury



Cindy Lee Robinson — Bradford



Karen Ruskin — Pacific



Laura Saints — Trent



Kim Selby — Endicott



Lisa Sibley — Undecided



Philip Smith — George Washington



Anna Swan — George Washington



Michael Tatem — Hampton Institute



Mary Tavares — Mt. Saint Vincent



Sarah Vallis — Trent



Ruedell Smith — 1959 - 1978



Rene Vermeulen — Undecided



Jon Vickers — Trent



Sue Williams — Tufts



Senior Year Soccer Team & Fans



Staff Soccer Team (Defeated Senior Year)

PREFECTS 1978



Sn Yr. Bk. row, l-r. Mark Perreault; Philip Smith; Chris Popper; Michael Tatem; Rene Vermeulen; David Buckley. Ft. row, l-r. Peter Blaney; Jon Vickers; Guy Lightbourn; Jon Nisbett; Tyrone Chin; Vance Campbell.

(Photos by Peniston)



5th: Bk. row, l-r. Jimmy Cooke; Carlos Madeiros; Graham Jack; Eugene Ball; Ricky Lines; David Evans. Ft. row, l-r. Kenny Vickers; Peter Wittich; Michael McGarrity; John Isbrandtsen; Stephen Bagen.

PONDERING

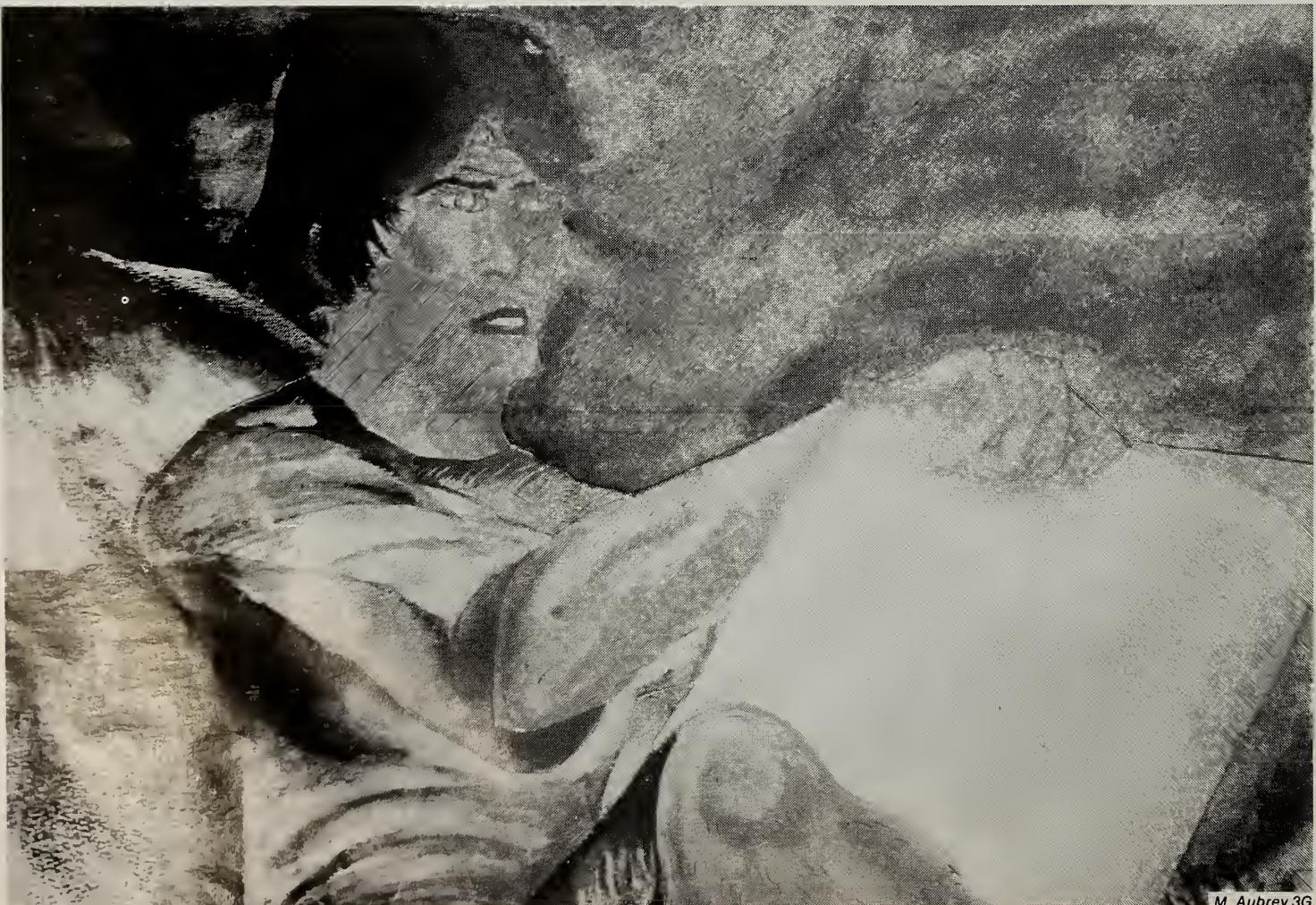
By:- J. Madeiros (Senior Year)

Lying here alone on my bed,
Looking up at the barren ceiling,
Seeing my whole life so far:
The childhood games, 'fights' and pleasures,
Visiting grandparents and friends, the airplane journey,
The 'boyfriends', my school teachers and friends —
Have all become very dear to me;
My surrender to God and dedication to Him —
My dearest friends, I thank God for them all.
What happened to the simple, secure
Feelings I had as a child?
Always looking to mom and dad for making
My decisions — and not having to work for spending
money.
Now, I feel the pressures of the world, society,
Mankind, I have to make important decisions — myself,
And have to work for anything I want.
I question life many times.
Sometimes, it all seems useless as
Whatever happens to us in the future —
We have to leave everything in the world.
Questions are sometimes unanswerable, friends
sometimes forsake.
Material gain becomes important in my life.
Why can't I be consistent for God?
I guess it all comes with realizing that Man is far from
perfect,
And often I see mistakes in the lives of those
I once admired for their apparent 'perfection'.
What will happen next?

WHAT IS A FRIEND

By:- J. Madeiros (Senior Year)

There are many kinds of friends:
A boyfriend, a girlfriend, a best friend and a 'worst'
friend.
But what is a friend?
On thinking hard and long it is
Quite difficult to find the words to describe a true friend.
He is patient with you all the time —
Never 'hot' or 'blows his mind'.
He listens when you need to talk
And get rid of ill feelings.
He laughs with you when you're happy
And cries with you when you're sad.
He builds you up when you're feeling down
And sticks around when you feel like a clown.
A friend loves your other friends
And respects your desire to be with them.
A friend shares his lunch with you —
When all he has is an apple.
A friend gives surprises and teases you a lot
And doesn't look for any reward — well ... maybe a slap
on the back!
A friend is sensitive to your feelings
And tries not to hurt you in any way.
A friend is a person who gives and gives and gives
And doesn't expect anything in return.
A true friend — whether male or female — is a
priceless gift,
That cannot be bought, inherited or stolen.
A friend can only be a friend
If you're a friend too.



M. Aubrey 3G

“WHAT INDEPENDENCE WOULD MEAN TO THE YOUTH OF BERMUDA”

When one examines the likely effects of Independence upon the youth of this Island, one must realize that we the youth of today, are the adults of the future. It will be upon us that the woes and burdens of Independence will fall.

The question foremost in many minds is “Independence from what?” From that swaggering, inhuman task-master, Great Britain, or from the prosperous lives and high standards of living enjoyed by Bermudians today? Our present position of autonomy is as close as one can come to Independence, bar associated statehood which Britain will no longer grant, without going over the brink. Islands to our south, most bigger, some with mineral wealth, have attempted Independence for many of the same obscure reasons that today's proponents of Independence have put forward. Nationalistic feelings, a feeling of belonging, a national flag, a national anthem — these effects of Independence upon other Islands have been for the worst. As their economies deteriorate, unemployment and poverty increase, resulting in social and political unrest.

“How,” ask international economists, “can Bermuda manage to survive the troubled waters of recession and depression with such a delicate economy?”

International companies, which make up practically half of our economic base, are very sensitive to the internal affairs of the countries in which they have set up headquarters. Such companies will stay, providing jobs for thousands of Bermudians directly, and many more indirectly, as long as they are not forced out by constantly increasing tax burdens.

It is the belief of some that such firms should be compelled to pay for the cost of Independence. If taxes on such exempt companies rise drastically, we will see a dramatic decrease in the number of firms based here. Following on the heels of this departure will be unemployment and poverty for many Bermudians.

The cry will then go up for economic diversification. Tourists, while also susceptible to high prices, come to this Island to escape the pollution and industrialisation of their cities. If such changes take place the tourist will soon seek another place in the sun, thus hastening the death of “the goose that laid the golden egg.” Under the “Status Quo” however, barring unforeseen international occurrences, both tourism and international companies should be able to be maintained at present levels, thus maintaining, if not increasing, our present high standard of living.

What is wrong with our present position as a dependency? It is nothing to be ashamed of. We should be proud to be the inhabitants of Bermuda and the subjects of Her Majesty, The Queen. It should be realized that our lot could, on one hand, be much worse, while on the other, it could not be much better.

There is no case here of Britain robbing us of our wealth. We pay no taxes to Whitehall, our expenditure to Britain being confined to the maintenance of a Governor. This Governor has the sole interest of looking after Bermuda, with a view to defense and internal security, while providing us with a little pomp and pageantry on special occasions. For this moderate expenditure Britain provides us with worldwide representation at the United Nations and other organizations where the interests of Bermuda are in focus. Also taken care of is our external security. Britain provides a certain stability, something very much appreciated by exempt companies.

Upon Independence we would become completely responsible for defense, external affairs and internal security and all costs and expenses that accompany them. The strengthening of internal security forces would be a priority in the view of events following independence in other former colonies. We should learn from the lessons shown us by the Seychelles Islands, the latest colony to leave the family.

The Government's Green Paper on Independence gave a summary of the initial costs of such a move. The figures quoted ranged from \$1,777,000.00 to \$1,907,000.00. This would be just for the “privilege” of Independence. The recurrent annual cost could be much higher allowing for inflation in all areas except those of defense and internal security.

As a member of Bermuda's youth, I wonder if Independence is worth so great an expenditure. It would be a bottomless pit into which we will forever be pouring increasing numbers of dollars without realizing any real benefits for Bermuda and her people.

It will ultimately be the young people of today who will bear what may be the greatest mistake in our history, Independence.

by David R. Evans 5H



“Heat” Expressionism

Kees Van Beelen, 13

A FASCINATING PLACE

By:- J. Evans (3G)

Amusement parks are common in most countries in the Western world. The United States, in particular, has many such attractions. Probably the largest and most popular is Disneyland, the original "Magic Kingdom" or its higher, Disneyworld. These fabulous establishments, in California and Florida respectively, are identically built, each covering a massive area of land, and each is a fascinating place.

Each of the parks are divided into sections, large "kingdoms" and "lands". These range from the dusty forts of "Frontier Land" to the castles of "Fantasy Land" and the French shops of New Orleans Square. Of all the "Lands" probably the most popular is "Tomorrow Land". The rides and buildings represent things of the future — rockets, trips deep into space and through uncharted waters in submarines and all are very fun and exciting. "Space Mountain" is the newest attraction and brings in most of the people.

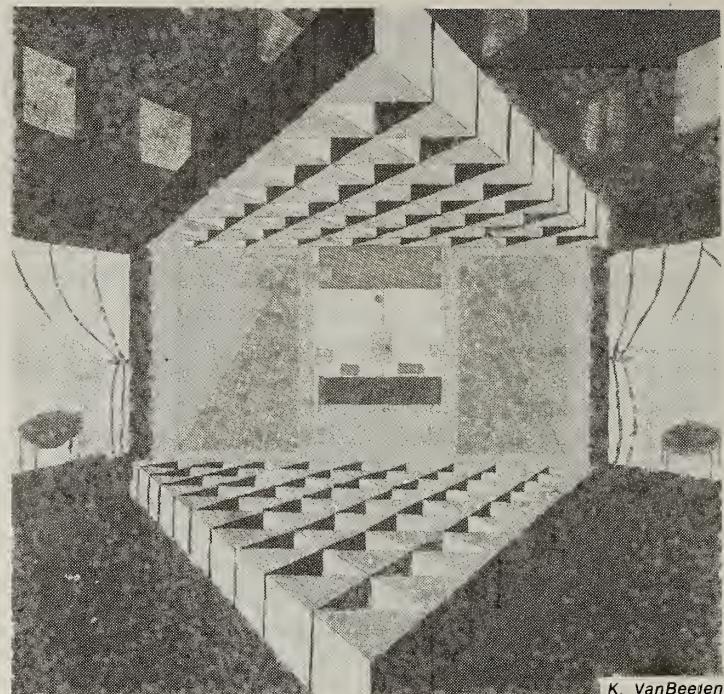
"The Matterhorn" is a huge man-made mountain through which run roller-coasters. In the "Haunted House" a run-down, old house is beset by ghosts and skeletons. "New Orleans Square" is built to resemble the old French Quarter of New Orleans. There are also boat rides. In short, there is a place for everyone in the "Magic Kingdom".

One is fascinated by the way the rides inside the buildings are made. One of the attractions, for instance, is "Pirates of the Caribbean". This is situated inside what appears to be a large house, but inside in dark tunnels, sight-seeing boats travel and lakes, trains, forts and ships are shown, often with mechanical figures. There are even waterfalls and caverns so that it is surprising that all fits inside the buildings but thanks to the engineering, it does.

The whole park is spotlessly clean, which is surprising in such a visited place. The gardens are in perfect order and nowhere is there any sign of disrepair. The fact that it is an amusement park is forgotten after eating in one of the many fine restaurants. At night there are fireworks and parades of electric floats. In short, the place is very active at night. The great wastage of electricity is forgotten completely.

Even the best places have problems, however, even if they are not readily seen by the visitor. True, the trash problem is well contained but it must be a difficult job keeping it up. It is disconcerting, to say the least, to see a queue as long as Front Street going to see an exhibit, but the wait is always worthwhile. Even at Disneyland, a pickpocket might infiltrate the crowds, and in the excitement and confusion, it would be fairly easy and it does happen.

The management must have great problems, keeping everything clean and in good repair and thus employs hundreds of people, but these are not thought of by the visitor. I would certainly recommend and stay there myself for a day or, as it is easy to do, a week. It is most enjoyable and truly fascinating.



K. VanBeelen

THE CITY

By: S. Shepperd (3G)

Above all, cities are masses of civilization. They are terminals for an influx of population from the neighbouring countryside. They are colossal, yet intricate, seemingly alike, yet interesting.

How many people have seen a city once, and then don't make a return trip sometime in the future? Not too many. The reasons for coming to the city are many. They serve as a business centre for a whole continent, or a shopping arcade for the people, or even a place of residence, if you care to put up with the hustle and bustle of everyday life in the city.

Do people really notice other people in the city? Does one notice that besides yourself on the sidewalk, there are hundreds of others, each moving in his or her own direction, intent upon his or her own specific purpose? And what is that specific purpose, that one must walk, dodge and elbow briskly through the rushing crowd? Perhaps he's going to catch the subway up-town, the city's great graffiti-covered mass transit system, going from everywhere to everywhere every few minutes. Or maybe he's going to work nearby, in one of the magnificent buildings, masses of steel, concrete, aluminium and glass, stretching so many seemingly endless stories above you. Or still, maybe, he's going for lunch — a bagel and coffee in one of the hundreds of small coffee shops in the city. Or perhaps he's going to walk to the corner of the street and procure for himself a steaming hot soft-pretzel from the umbrella-covered cart for a quarter. Wherever he's going, it's likely to be part of the everyday life in a city, a routine one adjusts to, a commonplace event, as common as the steam issuing from the manhole-covers and vent-holes in the street.

The scene here is the same, basically, as in any city, with a few differences. It could be happening in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, London, or anywhere, but those few minor differences are what gives each city its own character or personality. Cities are the focal point of mankind, they are gleaming metropolises of civilization and technology.

WINTER EVENINGS

By:- D. Judah (3G)

A winter evening begins at about 4 o'clock. It is then that everything begins to become darker. It is then that the wind and the rain become noticeable. It is then that the fire is lit. It gradually becomes darker and, by 6 o'clock, one cannot see anything outside except for the light and warmth radiating from other people's houses.

Everyone is bored. What can they do? They cannot go outside to play. They cannot go down to the beach for a swim. All they can do is sit around the fire.

It is now that the games come out of cupboards. A season's dust is brushed off of the box and then everyone settles down to play. Perhaps it is ludo, or perhaps it is a jigsaw puzzle. Either way, everyone is now happy. There are shouts of misery as someone is sent back to the start, and shouts of happiness as someone finds two pieces that fit.

Soon it is supper time. Everyone leaves the warmth of the fire and gathers around the dining-room table. What is it tonight? Everyone is happy when they see roast beef and a jug of steaming gravy being put onto the table for they are cold and hungry. Again, there are eager faces when hot coffee is brought from the kitchen.

Now everyone settles back down in a comfortable armchair in the living room. The fire had died and someone must venture outside for more wood. Who will it be?

"Not me," says someone hopefully. "I did it yesterday."

After a long argument, someone rises from their chair and moves slowly towards the back door. Soon the fire is again burning brightly.

Suddenly the lights flicker and go out. Oh no, not a power cut again! Someone lights some candles, but it is too miserable and gloomy to stay up for long. Gradually the large room empties as people drift towards their bedrooms. Soon the dying fire is the only thing left. The only things to be heard are the creakings of trees and the rain pattering on the windows. The end to yet another winter evening has arrived.



Evening

N. Sloan

FIRE

By:- Mark Aubrey (3G)

As I look back upon that night, my heart quivers and I turn white. From where I stand I can still see that lonely mansion set upon that ominous hill. It was terrible lying there on the ground, the flames dancing in my eyes and the sirens screeching in my mind. Yet, I will try to pull myself together and relate to you the story which I have told reporters countless times.

It was a Saturday night, no different from any other Saturday night. Everyone was home except my brother. He was out at some party, who knows where? Three days later his body was found to be amongst the victims of one of those 'mass murders' of those times. I went to sleep fairly early, my Chow lying contentedly by my bed. The rest of the family were downstairs, watching television.

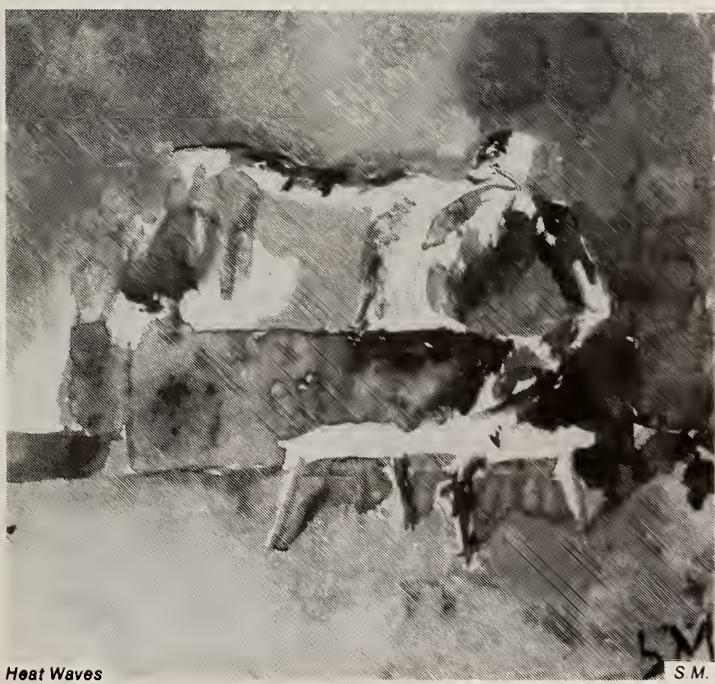
"Huh?" I ejaculated as I woke with a start. It was my dog — he had pushed his cold nose against my face. In my waking glimpse, I could see the smoke billowing into my room. "FIRE!" the word was scarcely uttered before everything flared up around me. Everything had happened so quickly that I just sat there, bewildered as to what to do. It was my dog's whine which awakened my mind. But the smoke had closed in on me so quickly that any chance of escape seemed futile.

I don't know what did it, perhaps it was the bite upon my leg which my dog gave me, or perhaps it was the sudden realization that I had to get out of there then or never. But it doesn't matter, because in half a second, I had grabbed my Chow and smashed through the nearest window. Thirty feet below I landed on my right leg. I have never felt a sensation as grotesque and horrifying as when my leg broke at the knee and several blood vessels popped. I was barely aware of that which followed, since I had elapsed into a state of shock; but I remember it as follows.

I rolled (my dog still in my arms) two hundred feet down the hill, flames flickered occasionally in the background, and I could hear faint moans echoing in the distance.

When most of my faculties of reasoning had returned, I found myself lying on my dog, who was whining terribly. There we lay, illuminated by the flood of light from our burning house. The ground was cold and hard, and the air was heavily laden with smoke and sirens. The moon wasn't out that night, nor were any stars, but the neighbours from miles away say that it was the brightest night that they had ever seen.

Nothing was salvaged from the fire, and the house was completely destroyed. No one has found out what started the fire, and no one ever will, for, only the ashes tell the truth!



Heat Waves

MY INVENTION — BRICK UNLOADER

By:- C. Hook (2A)

I started my invention by first buying a large wheelbarrow. With this I tied a rope to all four corners and attached a thick 300 foot rope to it, feeding the rope through a large pulley at the top of the building at which we were unloading the bricks.

After this had been set up and tested without bricks, standing on the ground I pulled the rope, sending the barrow up. When the barrow reached the top, I tied the rope around my wrist to save me from growing tired. When the men at the top had filled the barrow with bricks, they pushed it off the ledge and left to get more bricks. The barrow and the bricks suddenly became heavier than I was and they started to descend, pulling me upwards. The rope being tied to my wrist, would not let me fall. Halfway up, I met the barrow coming down, and I then received cuts and major abrasions to the top half of my body. After this I continued on my way up at a very high speed. When I reached the top, the hand which was tied by the rope was half crushed in the pulley, ripping skin from all parts of my hand.

When I reached the top, the barrow hit the ground and tipped out everything it contained. Now the barrow was empty, and once again lighter than I was. Now, I being heavier than the barrow, started to descend at very high speed. Halfway down I met the empty barrow coming up, and received cuts and minor abrasions to my backside and lower half of my body. I continued on my journey down until I hit the ground, breaking one leg, and fracturing the other.

On that journey up, the men had been collecting bricks elsewhere and had not seen me. When they came back they saw the barrow standing there ready to be filled again. They filled it again and pushed the barrow off the ledge. The barrow started to descend pulling me upwards once again. Looking up, I saw the rope fraying and also saw the heavy barrow coming down. Still looking up, the barrow hit me smack in the face, making it look like a cherry pie. I continued on my way up until I hit the pulley, pulling more and more of my hand through it.

The barrow at the bottom tipped its contents once again, and I started back down. The fraying rope passed me on the way down and it had nearly torn the whole way through. I hit the barrow on the way down with such impact that the rope snapped and left me lying in the barrow in mid-air. I fell to the ground and broke my back at the same time and also lost my mind.

CRUCIFIXION

By:- K. Van Beelen (2A)

The day began quite normally. Who could have foreseen how it was to end? In the early morning a large number of people gathered outside Pontius Pilate's palace. I mingled in the large crowd of angry people. We waited outside the palace for quite a while when a man tattered and barefoot appeared before the angry mob. Pilate appeared alongside him. "Crucify him, Crucify him" the mob shouted. I strained my eyes to see a better view of the man. His back showed the long, cruel stripes from which blood flowed freely. Upon his head was a deadly crown of thorns. Beads of blood

streamed down the man's face. He looked onto the angry mob. He seemed quite unmoved.

"What is this man's name?" I asked this shouting man. "Jesus, Jesus of Nazareth. He claims he's the King of the Jews", he answered.

The mob suddenly broke out into a chorus of blood curdling cries. "Free Barabas, Crucify Jesus". Barabas was a hardened murderer.

The Levites were mingling in the mob offering larger bribes to those who would cry out for the death of this man of Nazareth and for the freedom of Barabas. I walked away, disgusted and I felt ashamed to be a Jew. When I arrived at my house just outside the city of Jerusalem I heard jeers and insults. I knew what had happened, this Jesus had been condemned of an unknown crime.

I looked upon Golgotha. This is where the Romans usually crucified criminals. Two criminals were already being crucified there. They wrestled in the hands of those who stretched them upon the cross. One of them continued to cry out in anguish for some time. I was about one hundred rods away from them when I saw a Roman Soldier beat the complaining criminal with a whip. When I arrived on the hill, this Jesus had also just completed the journey from the city to the hill. I grabbed a Roman's water bottle from the ground and advanced towards the exhausted man. I looked into his pacifying eyes and was about to hand him the bottle of water, when the savage kick of a Roman Soldier kicked me aside.

I got up and watched. They stripped him from his garments and tied him to the cross. Then they nailed him to that tree, amid the jeers and insults of his own people. I watched horrified as blood poured from his pierced hands and feet. "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do", He gasped.

At about twelve o'clock the sky began to turn black. The lightnings seemed to be hurled at Him as He hung upon the cross. Jesus sent up a despairing cry: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

The day dragged on slowly. I watched Jesus agonising on the cross. At about three o'clock in the afternoon Jesus gasped, "Father into thy hands I commend my Spirit." With this his eyes rolled towards the back of his head, he bowed his head and died. Thunder roared and rocks split open. Tombs were broken open, and many of the dead were cast out. The earth shook and lightning occasionally flashed forth from a cloud, revealing the lifeless body of Jesus hanging on the cross.

I was amazed and went throughout Judea preaching of Jesus Christ, the King of all Mankind and the Son of the Living God.



NEARLY BURIED ALIVE

By:- Carl Clift (2A)

Suddenly I felt the loose rock move beneath my feet. I tried desperately to cling to the rein of my horse next to me, but the rock completely gave way and we both rolled till we reached the bottom of a pit. I was now pinned down underneath twelve-hundred pounds of horseflesh. From past experiences and from examining the situation I decided to try and keep on the back of the horse, out of the way of its legs. Only my right leg and hip felt the full weight of the horse. The old pony was frightened and was flinging its leg wildly bringing clods of dirt down upon us. I pulled on its reins to stop it kicking and said soothing words in its ear. I tried slowly to dig for my six-shooter which was luckily on my left hip and in reach. After much digging I managed to get at my gun. I thought for a while and decided not to shoot my horse unless I really had to.

I fired a shot into the air to see if somebody would hear it and come and help but it was to no avail. The sun was just leaving us when I saw a large amount of dirt hovering above us. It was loosening up!!! Just then I remembered a pack of matches in my pocket and

quickly pulled them out. I searched for a small twig and after awhile I found one. I lit this twig with a match. I threw the lighted twig up onto the grassland praying the grassland would catch fire. After anxious waiting, the grass finally glowed and this bright orange flame spread over the grassland.

I put all my efforts to waiting. Suddenly I thought I heard voices coming closer. "Stay back," I hollered. "Stay back!" "Where are you?" a voice answered. "In the bottom of a pit," I bellowed, "but don't come near the edge of where I'm at, or it'll cave in. Come from the other side."

Pretty soon there were half a dozen men digging me out with running irons and guns and anything they could get their hands on. My horse was lifted off of me and I was pulled out to get the blood circulating in my legs again. It took four saddles to pull my horse out of the pit. I thanked my rescuers and related the story of how I got there. With the help of one lad, I walked over to where the big hunk of earth was, which had been threatening me all that long day. I dug my heel into the crack and shoved a little, and at that time I was pulled away. The earth seemed to go out from beneath me as that hunk of earth left a big cloud of dirt and when we looked again the pit was nearly full.

AN ADVENTURE WITH TOM SAWYER

By:- C. Mawer

I approached the door and rapped the knocker. A middle-aged woman, in her fifties, answered it. "Hello! can I help you?" she asked cheerfully with a distinguished southern accent.

"Good day, madam, my name is Colin Mawer and I'd like to talk to Tom."

"He ain't done anything wrong, has he?" she questioned worriedly.

"Oh no, Mrs. ..."

"Smith. Folks 'round here just call me Polly. Of course to Tom it's Aunt Polly," she answered.

I continued, "I'm a reporter from The New York Times and I've heard a lot about Tom."

This was all she needed to know. Just the thought of having a member of her family in the newspaper excited her.

"Tom! Tom! Where are you, boy?" she hollered.

"Over here, Aunt Polly!" came a reply.

I turned to face a stealthy figure climbing over a picket fence, to finally stand in front of his aunt.

"So ... this is Tom Sawyer," I thought.

"Who's he?" Tom asked.

"Tom, I hear you're quite a boy, so I thought I'd 'do' a story on you. If you don't mind I would like to 'hang around' just to see how you 'operate'."

So, the next morning being Sunday, Aunt Polly, Tom and his two cousins, Sid and Mary, attended church services. About half way through the service, Tom began to fidget and he became bored. He pulled a box from his pocket and I eyed it suspiciously.

Tom carefully opened the box and brought out a small insect and played with it on the pew. He played with it on his hand until the creature grew angry and bit Tom's finger. Tom received such a fright that he jumped, tossing the insect in the air and started to suck his finger. Meanwhile, the 'pinch' bug, as Tom referred to it had landed down an old man's shirt. Whenever the bug moved around the man would scratch his back. The bug, finally becoming tired of this silly game, pierced its fangs into its victim.

The old man leapt to his feet, howling in pain. The priest received the fright of his life. The man kept on screaming until he was lead outside. I took note of this incident.

Tom quickly departed to play 'Bulls' with his friends. He won nobly but very nearly declared war on Jim Baker, one of his friends, when Jim supposedly cheated.

I was now lead by Tom to a lonely cottage on the Mississippi River bank. Here lived Huckleberry Finn, a boy envied by his friends. He and Tom sat under the shade of an old tree and they smoked tobacco from corn-cobbed pipes.

"What a dirty habit!" I thought to myself.

My work was now complete. I had seen how Tom lived for a day. I printed my story and sent my first copy to Tom, that legendary boy from Petersburg, Missouri.

“IF”

By:- L. Smith (2A)

If only men knew how to live with each other,
If only men joined hands and worked with one another,
If only men of war would destroy all their devastating
toy,
If only men had a heart of joy.
If only men could share the earth with all of nature's
Children,
If only men would try to save them from extinction.
If only men would let God into their heart,
And from them Satan would depart.
If only men would hold the population level down
There would be enough food to go around.
If only men would try to remove Crime's claw,
Of only men made sensible laws.
If only men wouldn't discriminate one's races, creeds
or colours,
If only men learned to live like brothers.
If only men would walk the path of righteousness and
love,
We all would live eternally in that beautiful city above.
If only ...

FOG IN THE COUNTRY

By:- Mark Hamilton (1M)

In the early mornings in New Zealand when the fog settled down upon the country side like a white blanket, we could see the dew drops clinging to the cobwebs like a necklace of pearls. Many mornings when we had gone for a walk and had reached the top of a hill, we could just see the tips of them, for the fog had covered most parts of the hills and it looked to us as though we were on an island surrounded by a pure white sea. There was a crispness in the air and when we took deep breaths we exhaled long white vapours which disappeared into the surrounding mist. Soon the sun would appear like a hazy glow and gradually disperse the heavy blanket of fog from the valleys below.



Improved Pembroke Canal

R. Amos 2A

APPROACH OF A THUNDERSTORM

By:- Mark Hamilton (1M)

The night was pitch black and all was silent, until a blinding white streak of light flashed across the sky. You could hear the thunder crash like the voice of an angry God. With a resounding crack, the old oak split in two when hit by the forked lightning, whilst the wind howled through the trees and disturbed the white foaming sea, which pounded at the foot of the cliff. The clouds scuttled across the dark angry sky. All of a sudden a cloud burst and sent sheets of driving rain down upon the cottage of the lighthouse which stood remotely upon the cliff top.



After the Gale

TYPHOON

By:- *Fretwurst (1M)*

The day began quite normally. Who could have foreseen how it was to end? We had dropped anchor at the break of day in a small lagoon in the Pacific, just off the coast of China. No-one was living on the fifty islands that surrounded the lagoon, except for a few native people in a small village. It was like a small paradise there for there were all kinds of fruits, palms and flowers. The native people lived off the plants that grew there. They made everything out of what was there and they ate wild animals that roamed around there. There were no imports or exports coming or going from the island. The only way to get to the mainland was to go by plane, there was one small airport.

We were on holiday, our fee was all paid by my father's zoo. We went to bring him specimens for the zoo. The boat was all equipped with tanks, scuba gear that was needed. Our yawl was sixty feet long.

On our first day in the lagoon we were looking down in the crystal clear waters to the coral gardens that lay 60 feet down below. That afternoon we went down diving. Captain Eddie and the mate were to stay on board and John the Scientist from the Zoo, my brother Mike and I were to go down and explore the coral gardens and bring up specimens.

About five o'clock we packed up and ate supper. My brother and I wanted to camp out on the island about five miles off the island so we took our sleeping bags and some food and drink and then we headed for the island. We went in a little inflatable motor boat since it was too far to row. There was a cliff that rose 200 feet out of the water covering the whole side of the island. We had to go around to the other side if we wanted to step on a beach. We pulled up the punt and rolled out our sleeping bags and went to sleep at about 9.00 o'clock. It was dead calm when we fell asleep, we did not notice the black clouds creeping up on us on the horizon, for the cliff blocked our view.

At 10 o'clock it hit us! First thunder boomed down and awoke us with a startle. Immediately after buckets of rain came down on our heads. The winds increased from '0' to '40' knots and both my brother and I knew we were in for a typhoon! The tide was coming up rapidly. "Come on, we must hurry and get to the top of the cliff before this whole island is underwater!" I shouted to my little brother, "watch out for the deadly coconut!" At this point the wind was so strong we had to crawl. Trees and bushes were being uprooted by the dozens. We had to keep a sharp eye out for the falling ones. Then it happened, what I had dreaded, a tree fell on Mike and killed him instantly! I had to hurry now for the water covered the whole island! I climbed to the top of the cliff and looked out into the black for our vessel, she was not at her moorings anymore in the lagoon.

The combers were rising to 50 feet in height, and crashing against the huge cliff. Then I spotted her, she was 10 feet on the cliff, every comber lifted her another 3 feet.

Now the island was submerged except for the cliff. All trees and shrubs had vanished and at the break of day the winds and seas decreased their incredible powers. Now we only hoped no-one was killed.

When all was quiet a helicopter came to pick up anyone who was still alive. The three sailors were on the chopper already as they picked us up and flew us to a naval station to rest and eat.

THE SEAFARER

By:- *Sean Pedro (1M)*

It was a dark, cold night and it was so windy that waves were washing over the side of the longship and water was leaking through the small gaps between the oar and the oarhole. Tired though we were, we plodded on into the night with our oars being dipped into the waves to the beat of the drum. We rowed all night without having a bite to eat or a mouthful of drink. We were at the point of fainting but inspiration kept us going. All we were dressed in were short, ragged pants and a light shirt which enabled us to move more freely and stop sweating. By morning the storm had died down quite considerably and we were allowed to rest. We were on the look-out for an island to get some food but as a ship went by first, we chased it, attacked and stole their food and other goods. After a feast of lamb, beef, vegetables and ale, we slept because the hearty meal had made us tired.

RAINY WEATHER

By:- *Chapman (1D)*

The wind howled as it dodged in and out between the houses. Branches bowed meekly to the mighty Emperor wind. The old stiff boughs which challengingly refused to do so were promptly severed off. Power lines snapped as the Emperor formally opened a new building.

A dark mask smothered the country-side, threatening the brave humans who had ventured from their shelters. Suddenly, the dark Prime-Minister let fly his ammunition of water and, helped by the Emperor, reaching the speed of machine-gun bullets, thudded heavily into windows, walls and into the flesh and hides of humans and animals alike.

A bright light danced across the sky and the low rumble of thunder rose to a deafening roar as if the light were an escaped prisoner who was running away from confinement. When the light would not come back, the roofs of the houses shook violently as if the Prime-Minister were beating his fists in rage upon them. He unleashed another volley of water which came down by bucket-fulls, flooding everything. This finally died to a drizzle as the storm moved off to sea and the country side was left in peace once more.



ANIMAL ATTACK

By:- A. Smith (1D)

Silently and gracefully the sleek figure slithered through the jungle, like an apparition, toward the small village. The great shepanther's red eyes shone in the night and her nose twitched at the smell of human blood not far away. Because of a past injury, the once great huntress was compelled to prey on weak humans in order to survive.

In the village, a lone woman was returning to her home after seeing the witch doctor who had warned her that great evil would soon come upon her. Slightly aware of a faint noise behind her, she turned around to see a shocking sight. Behind her were two eyes and a set of sharp, white teeth. She could determine nothing else because of the darkness of the starless night. She opened her mouth to scream but the creature with the evil eyes leapt, and the teeth, like a door, closed on her flesh and opened, revealing traces of red around the previously white teeth. The beast seized her frail body and carried it into the forbidding dark of the jungle.

The next day brought both grief and fear to the villagers. Some people said that the witch doctor had killed the woman and others said that a halfman/half-wolf had killed her and would continue to kill the others unless it was put to death. The leader of the people was more realistic than others and said that it was probably Timba, the vicious she-panther which had brought death to many villagers in the past. It was thought up until now that the creature had been killed, but there was a possibility that she might still be roaming the jungles as long as she did, so the life of every villager was in jeopardy of being stolen away if he ventured too far into the wilderness, or even if he dared to be alone. It was decided that a professional hunter would be brought to the country immediately because procrastination could mean death. Mr. Peter McGregger, the hunter, was very greedy, and extremely unlikeable but he had a determination to catch any animal he had set out to. He had brought some helpers with him and was very confident that if Timba was still alive, her death was not far away. Immediately upon his arrival he requested to be taken to a clearing near the jungle and soon, with his ten men, he set up camp.

On the night of his arrival, Timba could smell, for the first time in months, the blood of a deer. She silently approached the area where the smell was coming from and located a dead deer with ropes attached to it. She moved cautiously toward it and, remembering when her mate had seized a deer in this position she never saw him again. She knew that man had to be nearby so she waited until two men came to check the trap. Soon they separated and began to search the area. Timba followed one and jumped him, killing him with a devastating scratch and then she followed the other. He saw her and aimed his gun at her, but, instead of running away, she looked at him. The man could not bear the penetrating stare and remained still as the creature killed him and carried him away. McGregger was not shaken by the fact that the two men had not returned and he became even more determined to kill Timba when she began to frequent the camp and even to drag men away as they slept. Timba moved like a ghost and was never heard nor seen but her presence could be felt.

Soon the men were reduced to three and, as they slept one night, a silent figure stalked their tent and jumped upon it slitting it to shreds. One man, who was near the devastating claws, was killed and the cat ran away, followed by the two frightened men. They split up and one man was killed, leaving only McGregger. Timba was tired, now, and approached McGregger, fixing a piercing stare on him, never blinking her eyes and never changing her pace. McGregger was soon forced to look at her eyes and he stood as if glued to his spot. The cat slowly advanced and the hand on the trigger of the rifle slowly closed until suddenly the cat jumped and at the same time, the rifle went off. The bullet lodged in the great cat's left leg and the cat hit its mark expertly. McGregger stayed alive, pointing at the cat, swearing to get revenge and he met the cat's cold stare.

He died with his eyes opened and his index finger pointing at the cat, calling it a demon. The cat watched him until he died and then she walked away, her eyes seeming to reflect the feeling of contentment, but still they were cold and red and death-bearing.



GOOD FRIDAY

When Good Friday rolls around,
Kites come out of basements and corners.
Stores bring out their kites too,
and sell materials.
Bermudian boys and girls make kites too,
and sell them for pocket money.

There is often competition,
To see who can make the best, biggest,
most unusual or colourful kite.

On Good Friday,
Thousands of Kites can be seen in the sky.

The fun only begins,
When kites break loose or get tangled in one-another.

Competitions also begin like,
Whose kite can fly the highest or farthest.

Have dog-fights,
Cut off your tail so kites go wild.

Send up messages,
With a piece of paper

Kite flying day,
Is the most exciting and funniest day of the year.



by Guy Lightbourn



by Sarah Vallis

HURRICANE

By:- S. Joblin (1D)

The Hurricane Warning and Tracking Station in the Florida Keys was suddenly stirred to full strength as the satellite photo of the Atlantic came in. An intense low was gathering momentum and was turning into a Tropical Storm. Within the hour it had developed into a Hurricane. The raging storm packed winds up to 170 mph, not to mention a 15 to 20 ft ground swell! Soon all this information and more was channeled outward on emergency weather stations.

But in the open sea, the schooner, "Lively Lady" was sailing toward Bermuda, totally unaware of the approaching storm.

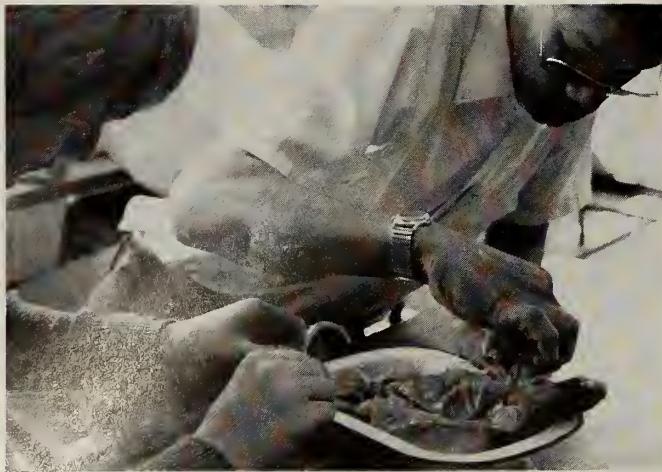
Suddenly the schooner was facing a wall of solid greenwater which came cascading down upon the seemingly match-stick of a ship, engulfing it completely.

The little had just barely recovered an even keel when the winds struck. They ripped the sails to ribbons and pushed enormous mountains of water on the schooner, pounding it continuously.

Above, the grey sky opened up, unleashing tons of water while brilliant streaks of white lightning shot down, lighting the disastrous scene. Suddenly, the winds stopped. Inside the eye of the hurricane, the waves shot up in geysers, totally confused without the driving wind to push them. Birds and insects rested in the rigging of the floating wreck. Then the wind came again, throwing the birds and insects off the ship and into the churning waters around it. The waves resumed their murderous pattern and continued to batter the ship.

Suddenly it happened. The ship hit something hard then bounced off, shaking the ship from bow to stern. Another swell surged and swallowed up the ship, spitting it out on the razor-sharp coral, ripping a hole in her hull. Another surge picked the wreck up and threw it over the reef into the churning waters beyond. Miraculously, the ship still floated, but just for a moment, then it scraped against the bottom. Suddenly, a huge, black coral boulder loomed up ahead, but the schooner still rocketed towards it. Then there was an earth-shattering crash; one that over-rode the terrific roar of the wind and surf.

Soon the wind subsided from a deafening wail to a quiet whisper. Also, at last, the waves ceased their deadly purpose, but all that was left of the once gallant schooner, "Lively Lady" was her wrecked hull which was battered and beaten and wedged between two great rocks.



MUSIC 1977 — 78

CHOIR

The highlight this year was the Choir's participation in the performance in March of Part 1 of Haydn's 'Creation' and 'The Bermudas', a contemporary work by R. Rodney Bennett. Both the Senior and Junior choirs spent a great deal of time preparing the music before they combined for full rehearsals with the other choirs, but the final result was very gratifying for all concerned. The Senior choir, supported by about a third of the staff, now attracts boys from the third form upwards and it continues to grow both in strength and quality. To the soloists in 'The Creation', a special word to thanks for adding that hallmark of professionalism and to Marjorie Pettit and Lloyd Matthew, paeans of praise for their splendid accompaniments throughout.

Graham Redford and Robert Mason provided a very effective contrasts to the singing with their performance of the 1st movement in Cimarosa's Concerto in G for Two Flutes. This was performed with the skill and sensitivity that we have come to expect from these talented musicians.

THE BAND

Full marks to those people in the Band who gave up a weekend again (remaining in school, at that!) to prepare for the very successful Band Concert held on May 7th in St. John's. Thanks, too, to Mrs. Popper and the parents for organising the endless supply of good food for the camp. The concert raised \$550 towards a set of kettledrums. To the guest artists, Jean Motyer and Michael Adams, our gratitude for their splendid contribution. The Band now numbers 50 and is learning to play thoughtfully and sensitively, as was demonstrated in the arrangement of Tchaikovsky's 2nd movement of the 5th Symphony. The arrangement of 'Fiddler on the Roof' brought back many happy memories and the performance was dedicated to Paul Galea. By the time this is published, Mr. Galea will be teaching in England, but I would like to thank him for his excellent direction of two productions during his time at Saltus.

One of the most significant events of the year and, indeed, of my time at Saltus, was the very generous gift of a new grand piano for the Assembly Hall. Words fail to express my appreciation to Mr. & Mrs. Robert Motyer for this very magnanimous gesture, but at a concert to acknowledge formally this gift, Mr. Butterfield was able to convey the school's very real gratitude for this fine instrument. With the piano and the good acoustics of the new Hall, we hope to plan a series of concerts next year.

The exam results are pleasing. Particularly distinguished is Redford's mark in Grade 8 — it was the highest for a student in Bermuda. Anna Swan was only one mark behind and she also deserves much credit. Standley and Mason, too, deserve special mention as their fine results have been collected after only three years of music. Well done, indeed! However, both Mrs. Petit and I agree that everyone learning an instrument should be aiming for Distinction standard; with more dedication to the more routine matters of scales and sight reading, (and these are important) we should see many more people achieving higher marks.

The string section continues to grow and in September, we are going to combine the strings from both Departments to form an Ensemble that will be under the direction of Mr. Philip Burrin, aided by Mrs. Petit and myself.

Finally, and most important, a tribute to all those instrumental teachers whose skill and patience contribute so much to the musical life of Saltus. We would not achieve half of what we do without them. Thank you.

William Duncan

(Vallis)



Band Practice

(DeCouto)

EXAMINATION RESULTS OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC, 1977 — 1978

Grade 8 M. Fox, S. Standley, R. Mason
 Grade 7 H. Frick, A. Swan
 Grade 6 G. Redford, B. Patterson, K. Hendrickson, P. Bacon, C. Dunstan, J. Cooke, P. Maddern, H. Jorstad, D. Joell, R. Gibbons, G. Jack.
 Grade 5 N. Soares, N. Hendrickson, M. Patterson, D. Judah, D. Northcott, J. Evans, R. McKittrick, O. Andrade, R. Kaeser, R. Talbot.
 Grade 4 D. Swift, J.J. Soares, D. Fitch, I. Delany, R. Amos, P. McIsaac.
 Grade 3 J. Johnston, J. Williams, D. Jorstad, K. Lalami, D. Trott
 Grade 2 J. Berg, T. McKittrick, G. Roberts
 Grade 1 I. Maule, S. Pedro, R. Soares, J. Cooper B. Finnerty

Practical Name	Instrument
Grade 8	G. Redford Flute, with Distinction A. Swan Flute, with Distinction R. Mason Flute, with Merit S. Standley Clarinet
Grade 6	K. Hendrickson Flute, with Merit J. Cooke Clarinet P. Maddern Clarinet M. Fox General Musicianship with Merit
Grade 5	D. Judah Flute, with Distinction N. Ball Flute N. Hendrickson Clarinet I. Bickley Clarinet M. Patterson Clarinet C. Dunstan Horn H. Finkbeiner Trumpet M. Fox Piano, with merit
Grade 4	R. Talbot Clarinet S. Pedro Horn, with Merit J.J. Soares Trumpet S. McMaster Trumpet J. Johnston Trombone J. Evans Piano D. Trott Piano



(Decouto)

Grade 3	K. Lalami Flute, with Merit D. Swift Flute M. Hall Flute R. Soares Clarinet C. Brown Horn I. Maule Horn A. McClay Trumpet S. Pearse Trombone D. Judah Piano, with Merit D. Jorstad Piano R. Smith Violin I. Delany Violin
Grade 2	R. Mason Piano, with Merit P. Barit Piano T. McKittrick Viola, with Merit D. Stanton Viola
Grade 1	C. Dunstan Piano, with Merit P. McIsaac Violin J. Williams Violin N. Soares Cello



The band contributed greatly to Speech Day

(Stanton)

"BANANAS"



(Decouto)

Well, Mr. Galea, you did it again! Your production of "Bananas" was truly Bermudian — and very interesting. More seriously known as "The Saltus Review", it was made up of an all boys cast — with the added 'banana' flavouring of teachers and two old boys.

The real truth behind those commercials skits were enjoyable. Probably, the most memorable skit was Galea's modern version of two of Shakespeare's great plays, "Max Romeo and Juliet" and "As you like it."

Del Pedro, a Saltus old boy, provided some musical entertainment and sang a song of his own composition.

The magic provided by Michael Bishop and company provided a few minutes of anxiety for some.

Alan Pitman, another old boy and performer in Mr. Galea's "Fiddler on the Roof" production of two years ago, sang for us of what it would be like to be at Saltus — "If I were at Saltus" to the tune of "If I were a Richman".

The humorous scene of the "Dreadmops" introduced Rastafarians to the elite Englishman whose vocabulary was 'enriched' with such phrases as — "W'op'nin'", "S'cool!" and "Dread!"

Mr. Beard's own description of the truly Bermudian sport of Cricket would have stumped even Barry DeCouto .. "When he's in, he's out ..."

Well, Mr. Galea we will surely miss your face on the stage and on the sidelines — which reminds me ... George, you were studying that 'magazine' closer than your school books! Colin Godwin and Charles Scott could not have asked a better question, Mr. Galea ... "How long?" (How long before you return?) We hope the reply is ... "Not long!"



(Decouto)

CAST AND HELPERS

Kevin Bean
Michael Breeze
Charles Dunstan
Brian Finnerty
Paul Fox
Paul Galea
Colin Godwin
David Judah
Jon Beard

Myra Armstrong
Michael Bishop
Bill Duncan
Malcolm Durrant
B. Francis
H. Finkbeiner
Edmund Haygarth
Robert Mason
Colin McKelvie

Ian Maule
Peter McIsaac
Dave Morrison

Michael Nisbett
David Northcott
Sean Pedro
Reid Kempe
Paul Morris
Del Pedro
Patricia Pedro
Chris Popper
Gary Perry
David Roberts
Rene Vermeulen
Kay Walker
George Wharton

Alan Pitman
Charles Scott
Steven Shepperd
Nicholas Soares
Duncan Tavares
Rajan Toleram
Brian Toms

SPONSOR:
Ikes Brew



Mr. Galea has left his mark on Saltus Drama

(Decouto)

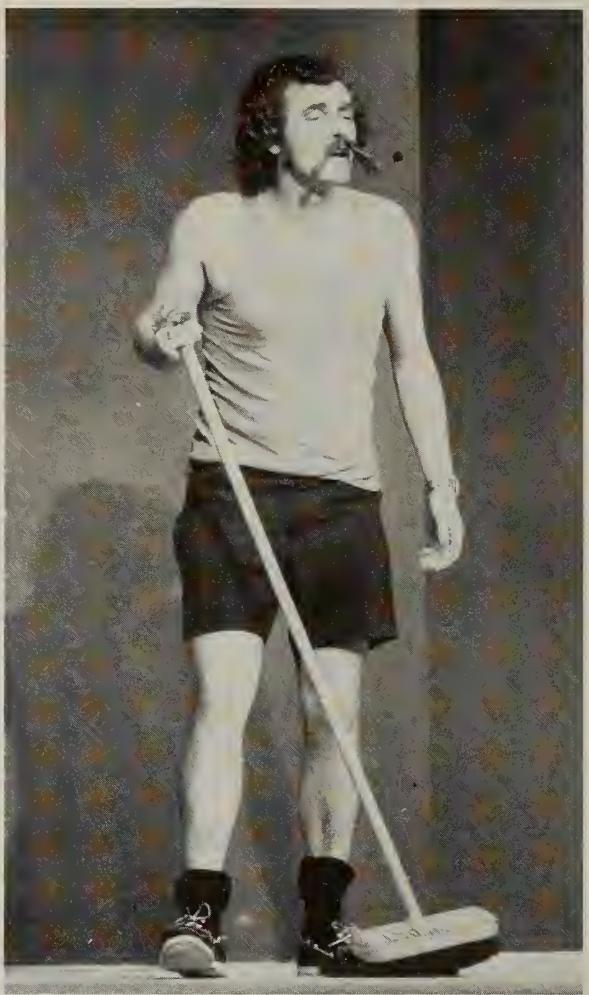


"Care to give us a song Dread Mops"

(Photos by Peniston)



"Somebody has been naughty"



"You walk on de floor?"



"Hello, I'm David Improvident"



"I make my own rope"

(Peniston)



"He's a reggae star actually"

(Peniston)

DISNEY WORLD 1978

Mark Aubrey, 3G

On March 27th, a group of boys selected from the 3rd to 5th form boarded an Eastern Airlines Jet. Our destination — Disney World. After a distinctly turbulent flight where De Grilla was seen to turn several shades of green, the group spent an eventful and peaceful occupation of Kennedy airport — peaceful, yes, as the police on duty seemed to view us with great suspicion and were seen to keep their hands on their holsters whenever we moved!

After our arrival in Orlando, we were taken to our hotel where we were casually informed that there was no record of our reservations. Mr. Duncan, waving his confirmation of our bookings, proceeded to have a major crisis and rooms were eventually produced. We then gradually disintegrated to bed, having introduced ourselves to the other 600 guests at 2 a.m.

Our first day was spent in the Magic Kingdom itself and we were very impressed with the size, cleanliness and creativity of this vast project, dedicated to pleasure and sheer fun. Despite a crowd of some 60,000, many soon ventured towards the popular Space Mountain, Mission to Mars and 20,000 Leagues under the Sea. Most of us stayed until midnight to watch the parade, firework display and the endless stream of beautiful girls (we almost lost Patterson and Redford several times!).

The next visit to Disney World was three days later, but meanwhile, we visited Busch Gardens, Cypress Gardens and Circus World. All of these boasted rollercoasters but cries of "Chicken" and similar insults failed to persuade Mr. Duncan to venture on one of these (though he did almost induce a heart attack on Space Mountain).

Food, glorious food! We were surrounded by such variety with MacDonald's, Denys, Pizza Inn and Pancake House. In the evenings we taught the local police force soccer in a vacant parking lot and then there was the partying with a group of seventeen thousand school girls from Buffalo, many of whom wanted to kidnap several of our group. Soon these fair creatures were familiar with terms such as 'ire', 'ikes', 'S'cool' and 'Dread'.

The tour lasted eight days and it included an overnight stop in Miami and a brief break at Nassau. Everyone readily agreed that we had had a good time and we were relieved to see that Mr. Duncan had retained some semblance of sanity during the trip.



SALTUS BUILDS A NEW HALL

R. Vermeulen

Early in the morning of Sunday, June 26th, 1977, fire broke out in the Senior School assembly hall. The buildings east of the hall suffered smoke damage, but removal of the roof and fresh layer of paint sufficed to clean this up.

Damage to the hall was greater however. The entire top floors as well as part of the walls had to be demolished. This work commenced while the school was still open, to the delight of students and teachers alike. It was finished during the summer holidays.

Meanwhile the Headmaster and Trustees decided that the future assembly hall would no longer serve as a gymnasium. A normal, one level hall was built, but with the tattered old wooden floor in place to permit possible future changes to the hall by excavating it so as to form an auditorium type hall, which is a dream of the Trustees. As far as possible the old walls were used too, but the hall was built out further to the south, so as to accommodate a larger number of pupils. Two new entrances on either side replaced the one door on the end. A new roof was also built. These building operations were largely completed by Christmas. The total cost for all this amounted to \$96,591.

Morning assemblies have been kindly permitted to be held at St. John's Church throughout the year; they could not take place in the new hall due to lack of furniture. Three hundred and fifty new chairs were bought of a value of \$5,000. A new stage also had to be made: it was installed in time for the review "Bananas", held on the first two days in June. Together with a lighting set (which means we do not have to borrow BMDS lights anymore) the stage cost \$26,000.

In the fire numerous other valuable objects were lost. Saltus received many very generous donations, however, for which we once again express our sincere thanks. The Hon. Ernest Vesey donated a new cedar table, the Bermuda High School for Girls donated to us four chairs to go with it. A new lectern was also made. Four portraits of former Headmasters were commissioned to be remade, at a total cost of \$5,200. Mr. & Mrs. Motyer donated a piano which is of far superior quality than the one we lost.

One should always remember that Saltus has deliberately decided to build better buildings than it had. Thus, while there is not yet a new gymnasium, all the insurance money is spent. In the near future building of the new gymnasium will start, however. It will start on the field and will include changing facilities, showers and full accommodation for many indoor sports.

After this construction work has finished, the headmaster and Trustees have still more building plans. They have in mind a music — art building in the Junior school. Finally, plans exist to build a second floor on top of the present assembly hall. It is to accommodate offices, which, to the delight of Mr. Stephenson, will have a commanding view of the entire school premises. Two new classrooms can then replace the present offices. This work, however, is still quite sometime (and money!) away.



SPORTS



SENIOR SOCCER

Played 9, won 6, drew 1, lost 2; goals for 42, against 17. Position in league — 3rd

Winning games:-

St. George's 9-3

Northlands 6-1

Berkeley 4-3

M.S.A. 9-1

Whitney 6-1

Warwick Academy 4-2

Draws:-

Robert Crawford 2-2

Losses:-

Sandys 2-3

Warwick Sec 0-1

Leading scorers:- V. Campbell, 17; P. Smith, 7. Both are regulars in Bermuda Youth Squad.

Colours:- Smith, Collins, Bagen, Pascoe, W. Campbell, Pimental, Burgess, Lines, Ball, McGarrity.

INTERMEDIATE SOCCER

Played 9, won 7, lost 2; goals for 36, against 16.

Winning Games:-

Northlands 6-3

Northlands 2-0

Devon Lane 6-0

Devon Lane 5-0

St. George's 4-3

St. George's 8-1

Warwick Secondary 3-2

Losses:-

Warwick Secondary 2-3

Warwick Secondary 0-4

JUNIOR SOCCER

Played 8, Won 4, Drew 2; goals for 14, against 12.

Winning Games:-

Northlands 1-0

Northlands 3-1

M.S.A. 1-0

M.S.A. 4-0

Drew:-

St. George's 1-1

St. George's 3-3

Losses:-

Warwick Secondary 0-1

Warwick Secondary 1-6

House Soccer Finals

Seniors — DARRELL

Juniors — SALTUS

6-a-side soccer

Won 6 games, however, lost in the Semi-final.

The Juniors lost their opening game.

Seniors: Bk. row, l-r. Mr. Durrant (coach); C. Pascoe; W. Pimental; E. Ball; S. Bagen; D. Smith; R. Lines; D. Burgess; R. Wilson; Mr. Beard (coach). Ft. row, l-r. T. Hayward; P. Smith; V. Campbell (capt.); M. McGarrity; W. Campbell; E. Collins.



Inters: Bk. row, l-r. Mr. Morris (coach); Mason; Turner; Pitcher; Perry; Bardgett; Wharton; Mr. Galea (coach). Ft. row, l-r. Bacon; Amaral; Wright; Stovell; Kaesar.



Jnr. Soccer: Standing, l-r. Rouget; Swain; Mouchette; Fretwurst; Clift; Patterson; Chaves; Joblin; Lalami; Williams; Pearse; Dickinson; McClay; Pedro; Delany. Kneeling, l-r. Smith; Boyle; Bayfield; Cooper; Harvey; Handley; Benevides; Hamilton.





"Okay, 50 pts. in the next half & we'll tie."



"Saltus a-head (!)?"



"Divine Intervention?"



Junior Soccer in action



Anticipation

RUGBY

SENIOR:- Played 4, lost 1. Scores as follows:

Won:

61-24 Warwick Academy
22-6 Northlands
Chaffee 26-4

Leading scorer, Smith with 4 tries.

Lost:

M.S.A. 12-14



Senior Rugby: Bk. row, l-r. Mr Toms (coach); L. Tavares; B. Patterson; H. Jorstad; C. Popper; E. Ball, G. Jack; B. Leitch. Ft. row, l-r. S. Bagen; R. McKittrick; S. McPhee; P. Smith (capt.); T. Chin; J. Vickers; M. Perreault; V. Campbell.

A:- Played 5, lost 1

Won:

M.S.A. 32-12
Chaffee 44-0
Whitney 26-6

Warwick Academy 18-14

WON LEAGUE. Leading scorer was Ramirez with 11.

Lost:

Warwick Academy 0-40



Junior Rugby: Bk. row, l-r. Mr. Toms (coach); R. Ramirez; L. Smith; C. Brown; S. Leman; R. Dickenson. Ft. row, l-r. D. Stovell; T. McKittrick; E. Pascoe; D. Jorstad.

B:- Played 5, lost 2.

Won:

Northlands 48-4
Northlands 24-4

Warwick Academy 12-4

Leading scorer was Hughes with 5.

Lost:

Whitney 6-40
Whitney 0-16



Junior Rugby B: Bk. row, l-r. Mr. Harrison (coach); M. Patterson; C. Dunstan; S. Hughes; M. Breeze; S. Lines; D. Patterson. Ft. row, l-r. P. Barrit; D. Moniz; R. Toloram; D. Mocklow; S. Joblin; C. Hook.

WHITNEY 7'S

Juniors:- "A" lost in the semi final to Whitney.

Intermediates:- "A" lost in the semi finals to Whitney
Senior:- "A" won the final defeating Warwick Academy

"A" 26-6. Defeated M.S.A. in the quarter finals and
Saltus "B" in the series.



Senior 7-a-side: Bk. row, l-r. Mr. Toms (coach); S. McPhee; B. Patterson; C. Popper; G. Jack. Kneeling l-r. J. Vickers; P. Smith; T. Chin; V. Campbell.

CROSS COUNTRY

INTER HOUSE:- Senior House winner was Darrell, followed by Butterfield, Watlington & Saltus

Individual:- Wilson (24.48 mins), Campbell, Joaquin.

Intermediate House winner was Darrell, Watlington, Butterfield & Saltus

Individual:- Wight, Wharton, Ramirez.

Junior House winner, Darrell, Saltus, Watlington & Butterfield.

INTER-SCHOOL:- Senior, Wilson 1st (14.26 mins).

Senior Team was 2nd overall.

Intermediate, Wight 5th. Intermediate Team was 3rd overall.

Junior, Joblin 4th Junior Team was 7th overall.



Bk. row, l-r. V. Campbell; D. Joaquin; L. Tavares; M. Wilson; K. Wight; P. Bacon; W. Campbell. Md. row, l-r. D. Stovell; R. Ramirez; G. Perry; G. Wharton; R. Mason; M. Patterson; N. Parsons; D. McHarg. Ft. row, l-r. P. Handsley; J. Williams; J. Soares; V. Chaves; M. Breeze; D. Patterson; J. Joblin.

BASKET BALL

Varsity:-

Won:

Sandys 53-20

R. Crawford 40-20

Warwick Sec. 29-26

Warwick Academy 47-34

Berkeley 50-30

Lost:

M.S.A. 42-21

Chaffee 30-19

M.S.A. 30-20*

*Semi Final

Junior Varsity:-

Played 6, lost 3.

Won:

M.S.A. 13-11

Crawford 20-18

Berkeley 26-9

*Semi Final

Lost:

Chaffee 36-11

Warwick Academy 37-25

Warwick Academy 19-18*

A very encouraging season, the boys responded positively to coaching and as a result produced an excellent standard of basketball. The team was captained by Philip Smith who was an inspiration to all who played with him.



Senior Basketball: Bk. row, l-r., Mr. Beard (coach); C. Pascoe; W. Pimental; M. Burch; E. Ball; D. Leitch; E. Collins; M. Wilson; Mr. Ziegler (coach). Ft. row, l-r., D. Smith; K. Lambert; C. Popper; P. Smith (capt.); B. Leitch; J. Nisbett.



Junior Basketball: Bk. row, l-r., G. Perry; L. Bardgett; M. Ruskin; S. Mathews; G. Wharton. Ft. row, l-r., K. Wight; J. Wight; R. Mason (capt.); C. Wright; D. McHarg.



Badminton: Bk. row, l-r., Mr. Durrant (coach); D. Smith; C. Brown; L. Aicardi; C. Clift; P. Bacon; E. Collins; Ft. row, l-r., J. Johnston; S. Mathews; C. Bardgett; R. Talbot; M. Way; R. Smith.

BADMINTON

Retained the winner shield.

Seniors:- D. Smith was beaten in the semi finals of the singles.

Intermediate:- Johnson and Aicardi defeated Bardgett and Bacon in the finals of the doubles.

Bardgett defeated Johnson in the semi finals of the singles and went on to win the final.

Junior:- Clift -- finals of the doubles and semi finals of the singles.

VOLLEYBALL

VS NORTHLANDS
JUNIORS WON 15-8, 15-4
SENIORS WON 15-10, 17-15

VS WARWICK ACADEMY
JUNIORS LOST 1-2
SENIORS LOST 1-2

VS MSA
JUNIORS LOST 2-0
SENIORS LOST 2-0

COLOURS: Leitch, Bagen, Ball, Tavares, Astarita,
Madeiros, Lambert, Nisbett



Senior Volleyball: Bk. row, l-r., L. Tavares; M. Wilson; E. Ball; T. Maderios; R. Lambert; Mr. Beard (coach). Ft. row, l-r., C. Lee; S. Bagen; P. Smith (capt.); B. Leitch; C. Astarita; (abs. C. Popper).

INTER HOUSE:

SENIOR
1 Darrell
2 Saltus
3 Watlington
4 Butterfield

JUNIOR
1 Watlington
2 Saltus
3 Butterfield
4 Darrell

TOURNAMENT

Seniors played 3 Won 1 Lost 2 3rd
Juniors played 4 Won 2 Lost 2 2nd



Junior Volleyball: Bk. row, l-r., C. Brown; R. Mason; S. Mathews; M. Ruskin; C. Bardgett; G. Wharton; Mr. Beard (coach). Ft. row, l-r., G. Wight; P. Bacon; K. Wight (capt.); G. Perry; D. Mocklow.



(Lightbourn)



(Lightbourn)

CRICKET

VS NORTHLANDS

Juniors won

Seniors won by 10 wickets

VS WARWICK ACADEMY

Juniors Lost

Seniors Lost

VS WARWICK SECONDARY

Juniors Lost by 1 Run

Seniors won by 6 wickets

VS ROBERT CRAWFORD

Juniors lost by 6 wickets

Seniors won by 6 wickets

VS SANDYS

Cancelled — Points awarded to Saltus

INTER HOUSE

JUNIORS

Won by Saltus

Runner up Butterfield

SENIORS

Saltus

Butterfield



Eugene Pascoe — One of our upcoming Young Cricket Hopefuls
(Peniston)



Delivery by Canard Pascoe



"It's a six!"
(Conyers)



Senior Cricket: Bk. row, l-r., Mr. Beard (coach); T. Hayward; D. Trott; E. Ball; C. Lee; V. Campbell; Mr. Durrant (coach). Ft. row, l-r., W. Campbell, K. Lambert, C. Pascoe; P. Smith (capt.); M. Burch; (abs. D. Smith; E. Collins).



Junior Cricket: Bk. row, l-r., Mr. Harrison (coach); D. Benevides; D. Mocklow; I. Gilbert; G. Daniels; C. Brown; T. Harvey; R. Smith. Ft. row, l-r., R. Talbot; D. Moniz; G. Pitcher (capt.); C. Wright; T. McKittrick; (abs. E. Pascoe).

HOCKEY

7-a-side team won the tournament beating Warwick Acad. in extra time with a goal by D. Stovell.

SWIMMING

Won the competition beating nearest rivals, M.S.A. by 30 points.

SENIORS:- Mowbray 2nd (Breaststroke)
Taylor 4th (Freestyle)
De Couto 2nd (Backstroke)
S. Popper 2nd (Butterfly)
RELAY 2nd MEDLEY 3rd

GOLF

President's Cup won by K. Lansler.

Low Gross — B. Leitch.

INTER SCHOOL

I. Bickley & K. Cansler winners of the interschools pairs competition.

INTER SCHOOL SPORTS

JUNIOR

800 m S. Joblin 2nd, 1500 m S. Joblin 4th

POLE VAULT
P. Handsley 3rd,

JAVELIN
J. Williams 4th

INTERMEDIATES

POLE VAULT AND TRIPLE JUMP

R. Ramirez 1st

POLE VAULT
C. Wright 3rd

LONG JUMP
C. Bardgett 4th

DISCUS

S. Turner 4th

1500

G. Wharton 4th

SENIOR

POLE VAULT

B. Patterson 1st
M. Wilson 2nd

400 m

K. Lambert 2nd

DISCUS

G. Jack 4th



Behind the wicket Keeper

BOWLING

Inter school bowling trophy retained

Team: R. Lines, J. Rego, C. Bardgett, G. Mocklow

INTERMEDIATES:-

Mathews 1st (Breaststroke & Freestyle)

Amos 2nd (Backstroke)

Amos 1st (Butterfly)

RELAY 1st. MEDLEY 1st

JUNIORS:-

D. Lines 2nd (Breaststroke)

D. Patterson 2nd (Freestyle)

Joblin 1st. (Backstroke & Butterfly)

RELAY 1st. MEDLEY 1st.



Mr. Kempe — Founder of the S.G.S.
100 mile club.

SPORTS DAY RESULTS

THURSDAY, MAY 4TH, 1978

SENIORS

EVENT	WINNER	TIME/DISTANCE	HOUSE	TOTAL POINTS
100m A	Smith	11.9 secs.	D	4
100m B	Lambert	12.5 secs.	B	4
200m A	Smith	25.0 secs	D	4
200m B	Lambert	25.5 secs.	B	4
400m A	Lambert	58.2 secs	B	4
400m B	Campbell	59.6 secs.	D	4
800m	Lambert	2 mins. 16.3 secs.	B	5
1500m	Wilson	4 mins. 52.0 secs.	D	7
3000m	Wilson	10 mins. 49 secs.	D	6
Shot	Jack	10m. 91	W	5
Discus	Jack	38m. 58	W	5
Pole Vault	Patterson	2m. 89	D	7
Javelin	Curtis	36m. 67	B	6
Triple Jump	Smith	11m. 82	D	6
Long Jump	Ball	5m. 38	D	5
High Jump	Ball/Smith	1m. 60	D	7
RELAY	D	49.4 secs.	D	8

Total Points: - B 55; D 80; S 34½, W 44½



Kevin Lambert — Sports Day Victor

(Decouto)

INTERMEDIATES

EVENT	WINNER	TIME/DISTANCE	HOUSE	TOTAL POINTS
100m A	Stovell	12.5 secs.	W	4
100m B	Ramirez	11.9 secs	B	4
200m A	Smith	26.1 secs.	W	4
200m B	Stovell	25.8 secs	W	4
400m A	Bacon	57.9 secs.	D	4
400m B	Stovell	59.5 secs.	W	4
800m	Bacon	2 mins. 15.1 secs.	D	5
1500m	Wharton	5 mins. 7.5 secs.	S	5
3000m	Patterson	11 mins. 6.2 secs.	D	5
Shot	Smith	11m. 17	W	7
Discus	Turner	31m. 3	D	5
Pole Vault	Ramirez	2m. 44	B	5½
Javelin	Turner	33m. 57	D	5
Triple Jump	Ramirez	11m. 98	B	5
Long Jump	Ramirez	5m. 49	B	5
High Jump	Smith	1m. 58*	W	5
RELAY	B.	51.4 secs.	B	8

Total Points: - B 53; D 51; S 52½, W 61

*L. Smith of W establishes a new high jump record, beating the previous record by .02m.



Mackie Wilson — "Up, Up, and Away"

(Decouto)

JUNIORS

EVENT	WINNER	TIME/DISTANCE	HOUSE	TOTAL POINTS
100m A	Smith	14.4 secs.	B	4
100m B	Swift	15.2 secs	D	4
200m A	Dickenson	29.4 secs.	D	4
200m B	Clift	31.6 secs	D	4
400m A	Harvey	1 min. 9.6 secs.	D	4
400m B	Williams	1 min. 11.1 sec.	W	4
800m	Joblin	2 mins. 30.1 secs.	S	7
1500m	Joblin	5 mins. 25.1 secs.	S	5
3000m	Joblin	13 mins. 6.8. secs	S	4
Shot	Gilbert	9m. 36	B	5
Discus	Williams	27m. 34	W	5
Pole Vault	McLay	1m. 91	S	5
Javelin	Williams	27m. 6	W	5
Triple Jump	Smith	9m. 45	B	6½
Long Jump	Gilbert	4m. 73	B	6
High Jump	Patterson	1m. 27	D	5
RELAY	D.	58.9 secs.	D	5

Total Points: - B 42½, D 65½, S 52, W 48



Philip Smith races to victory, again

(Butz)



"I'll tell you what, how about we all let go and go have a few Heineckins!"

(Peniston)



Brian Patterson — winding himself up for the discus

(Peniston)



Carlos Lee — The "Fly"

(Peniston)



"File the results on your left, Bill"

(Butz)



5th Form — Victorious over Senior Year & Staff

(Butz)

DUKE OF EDINBURGH

Due to the fine organization of the Duke of Edinburgh Aware Scheme nineteen students, mostly from the third form, and eight students, mostly from the fourth form aimed for their bronze and silver medals respectively.

"The number doing silver is encouraging," said Mr. Galea. "It is to be hoped that they continue and complete the silver. From this keen group, Saltus should see its first Gold Awards in the next eighteen months."

The activities include treks, camping out, community services, physical activities, interests and hobbies. These enable the boys to obtain personal achievement, initiative and organisation.



Beginning of a trek

(Decouto)

CHESS CLUB 1978

Two competitions were held in the club, a knock-out and a round-robin. Each competition was divided into two divisions, Senior 1-3 and Senior 4 and 5. For the round-robin there was a \$10 first prize, \$5 second prize, and a \$3 third prize. In the Junior section Carl Clift and John Johnson were tied for first position and Peter McIsaac finished third. In the senior section Oscar Andrade placed first with Christopher Bardgett, and Ian Bickley tied for second. In the knock-out tournament the prizes were \$5 for first and \$3 for second. In the juniors Carl Clift and John Johnson were tied for first again. In the seniors Oscar Andrade was first with Kevin Winter runner-up.

Apart from having two internal school tournaments, the Saltus Chess Club also took part in the inter-schools chess knock-out tournament. The team was hampered with bad luck, often only losing by one board. In the Friendlies the team lost against Warwick Academy, Berkeley and the Bermuda College, but managed to defeat Roger B. Chaffee by a score of 4-2. In the game against Berkeley they narrowly lost, having at one point seemed assured of victory.

The Friendly games often had more than 10 matches in progress but the actual tournament was restricted to 6 matches and a reserve match to be played in the event of a draw. The team was again unlucky when it was drawn against one of the toughest teams in the first round of the tournament, Warwick Academy, who were the eventual winners of the tournament. The team's members in this first match were Andrade (Captain), Bardgett, Bickley (reserve), Clift, Joell, Johnston and Madeiros. Chris Bardgett caused the upset of the year in this match when he defeated the No. one player on the other team. At one point the match seemed to be very close and could have gone either way. Just as our luck would have it, it went the other way 2-4. The team's hopes of winning the tournament were shattered but the team is looking forward to next year.

On the whole it was a very busy season with the results proving far worse than how the team actually played.

*Oscar Andrade 4M
Ian Bickley 4M*

(Decouto)

(Decouto)





by Jeremy Madeiros



by Kim Selby



by Michael Fox



by Jane Conyers



"Ghost Rider"—Amaral 3L



"Saltus in Australia"—G. Pitcher 3L



Mr. Morrison and friends



"And they tell us to sit up & pay attention!"



"aaay ...!"



The Profile



Prefects at work?



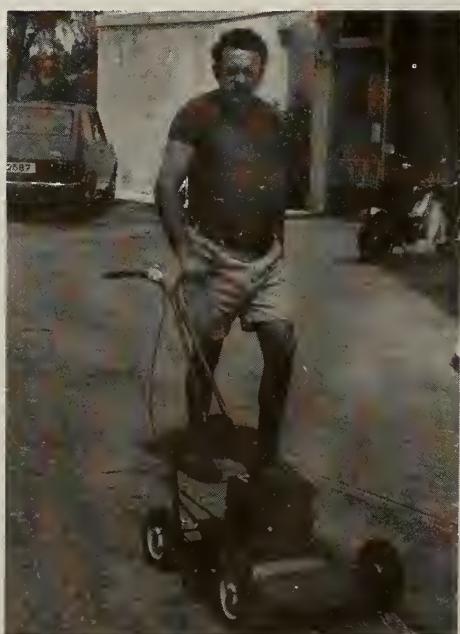
"The Raynard Smile"



Founders Day is a Serious occasion



That should have been done by now



Mowing the tarmac?

“You cannot act correctly if you do not think clearly, and you cannot really think clearly if you do not know how to use English correctly.”

— Sir Peter Ramsbotham
at Saltus Speech-day, 1/11/77.

by Neil Sloan

Winning Entries in
The Headmaster's
Calligraphy Contest

YOU CANNOT ACT CORRECTLY
IF YOU DO NOT THINK CLEARLY.
AND YOU CANNOT REALLY
THINK CLEARLY
IF YOU DO NOT KNOW
HOW TO USE ENGLISH
CORRECTLY.

by M. Frebwurst

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL



Teachers 1977 — 78

TEACHERS:

Miss E. M. Wilkie — Head of Department
R. Stones, Esq., B.Sc. (Bradford
Mrs. L. Williams
R. Walker, Esq.
Miss M. Armstrong
Mrs. M. Pettit, Dip. Mus. Ed., R.S.A.M., L.R.S.M.
Mrs. K. Walker
K. Ackland, Esq.
Mrs. K. Latter
M. Beasley, Esq.
J. McEwan, Esq.



Miss Wilkie



Music soothes the savage beasts.



"... and with an eleven on the second, that makes 110, and now for the back nine."



"Now, we are not here to enjoy ourselves."



"No, we ain't mate!"



Last of Saltus Girls — Patricia Martin and Lisa Mello.



"I'm in charge really, quoth Johnny Bluck, "see what happens if I turn this one upside down."

NIGHTMARE

By John Paul Skinner J6W

Five Gliptron nightmares crept stealthily into my bedroom and jumped onto my bed. They deftly tied up my subconscious mind, and leaving my body behind, they led me away into the night. Pushing me to the ground, they quietly discussed how to scare me most, and then, with a horrible snicker, they led me into the dark wood.

Up the long hill we trudged, on either side there was a drop into blackness, behind the evil Giltrons and in front a dark house. We reached the dusty doorstep and with an evil grin an old Gilptron pushed me inside. The floor creaked and the dusty stairs seemed to lead nowhere! Outside, a terrible Oyminka howled making my face go as white as a sheet. The Gilptrons saw my face and were pleased that they were scaring me. I decided to escape. It could be fatal, and I might never awake, but anything would be better than this. I gathered together the little courage I had left and ran into a dark room.

Suddenly I was falling and I landed with a thump on a muddy river bank. All around me eyes were blinking, and strange noises were coming from close by. Pitch blackness surrounded me and I thought I might as well walk somewhere. The ground was rough and eyes kept following me. I even wished I had the company of the Gilptrons. Suddenly I heard a howl, and then a scream and cold clammy fingers gripped my neck. Turning, I disappeared down the bank and dived into the river. This must be the end I thought.

The water was cold, and it seemed thick, and far down the river a great shape loomed out of the water. The current pulled me towards it and I soon found out that it was an Island. I climbed onto it and was dismayed to see that it was covered with woods as well. My courage was failing and I was tired and about to give up when I saw a light up ahead. I made a decision quickly and rushed towards the light. As I came closer I saw it was a fire light, and around it were sitting ugly troll-like creatures. The moment they saw me the biggest creature uttered a blood curdling roar and rushed towards me. A horrible chase followed.

The creatures, wielding knives, were abounding at full speed towards me, and I ran towards the river. But the river was not there! My strength failed and I fell to the ground. But every time I thought I would land, the ground disappeared! I fell and fell and fell, further and further and then, nothing. I was no more! In the morning at my house a very frightened little boy was telling his mother about this horrible nightmare.



M CLIFFORD 9YRS

DEATH OF A STAR

By Bill Gringley Age 10 J6B

A darkened night black and dabbed with excessive wetness
But one star, a light that stands above the rest,
Seven hundred and three thousand of these glowing fires of light that shine.
Galaxies of light that shine bright on a starlit moon,
Its spiral light, twisting and twining, a kingdom of stars,
A moon, a circular sphere of a speckled grey aging light, a shine that will live forever.
An asteroid, a hunk of block-rock, of sand and soil,
Moulded by the ember-red hands of a distant galaxy,
That shall become a dotted light in a death-black night of cold, sombre stars.
A rumble of fear and a death of a star,
An ear-splitting shatter of death itself.
A shatter that is heard by a brilliant sun,
A sun, his father, his maker, which also shines brighter than all.
A fight of fire and light and molecules of dust are thrown a thousand light years from us.
And a firey blow that is a mourning cry.
But thus a deceased star is hot at first but then implodes
To become a dense black hole forever hidden in its ebony blanket.

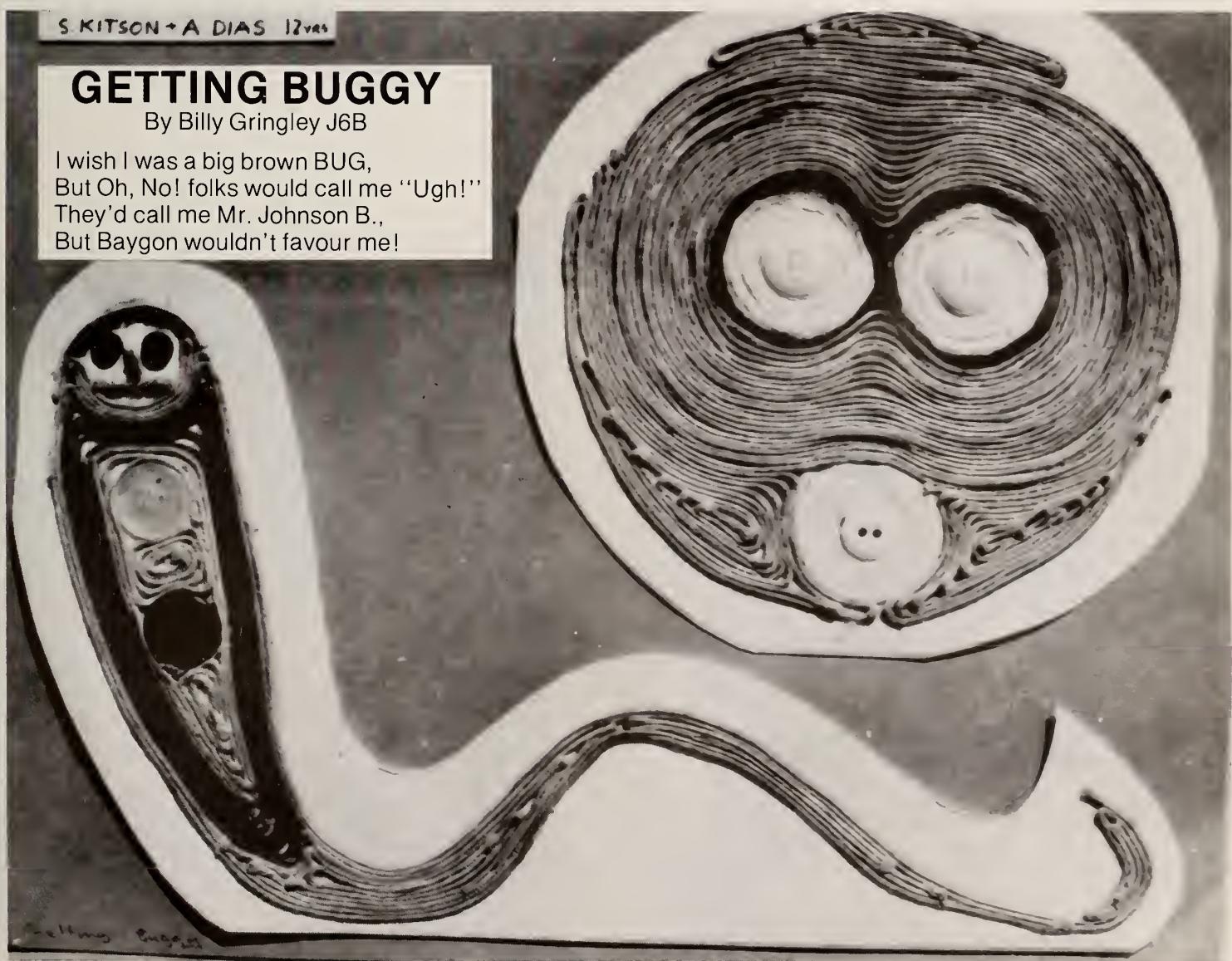


S. KITSON + A. DIAS 12 yrs

GETTING BUGGY

By Billy Gringley J6B

I wish I was a big brown BUG,
But Oh, No! folks would call me "Ugh!"
They'd call me Mr. Johnson B.,
But Baygon wouldn't favour me!



THE SOFA

By St. John Dyson J5W

I was a nice sofa in the best furniture shop in town. I cost eight hundred dollars and hardly anyone even looked at me when they saw the price pinned to my arm. One day a rich family of just children came into the shop. Their mothers and fathers had been multi-millionaires but had died. All of their fathers' money had been collected by the children.

Now they wanted a really big sofa and so came over and looked at me. The eldest was about fourteen and she said that she wanted to buy me. I was very glad when I heard this because it was quite boring just sitting in the shop window. I was delivered in a furniture moving van to a giant sized house. Then I was placed in a comfortable room. I did not have time to enjoy the consequence because just then, the children came and jumped on to me. "Oof." I could see that I was not going to like this very much. Suddenly there was a loud flurt and the next instant I thought that it was snowing.

Seeing that it could not snow in a house, I cast my eyes down to my belly. There was a great big hole and some of my stuffing had come out. The children were so disgusted that they stitched it up and then took me to the market, the next day. Here, they got a man to auction me to the highest bidder. The first offer was made by two smart looking men. They offered one-hundred dollars but two old ladies then spoke up and said, "One-hundred and fifty." Suddenly, everyone stopped murmuring and looked at the auctioneer. He said, "Going ... Going ... Gone". The two ladies came to collect me. As I had wheels, they started to push me down the street. Again I was happy. These old ladies would probably treat me nicely and it was not likely that they would start jumping on me. I thought that they were probably quite poor by their appearance. However, when I arrived at their house it was even more elaborate than the children's house. Inside, it looked like a palace.

I was to find out why, very soon. Instead of the house being empty, there were men and women running about, every where. Besides this, there was a richly dressed man in front of me. he was, as by now I knew, the governor. He shouted something to make two men come running. Then they wheeled me into a room full of people. Here, the people sat on me and kept commenting on how soft I was. Also they said that the material covering me was the tiniest. This is the life, I thought. People admiring you and treating you with respect.

After what seemed like a party and everyone had gone home, the man who owned the house came and sat on me. I like this I thought. I stayed in the same house for about a year and then one day, my master.came and kicked me saying, "You stupid sofa! You are always getting in the way these days." Then he sent me to the dump to rot.



SISTERS

By Ian Mackin J5W

My sister is bratty so I think all sisters are bratty. I tease my sister alot. I tease her because she bothers me. I always say to her "Gillian Ruth Mackie" to get on her nerves. She always tells on me. I think all sisters have something in common. She hates to be left out in games or fun. She never eats dinner. I wish I didn't have a sister sometimes. I think all sisters are selfish and greedy, but I know that my sister is the worst out of them all.

They always pinch and kick. The way I have been describing her seems mean. She does a lot of good things for me. She helps me feed the dogs, hoe the garden, clean my bike, polish my shoes, clean the dog run, wash my dog and comb him.

She is pretty but I tell her she looks ugly because she calls me names. She goes to the Hight School and has learned how to do gymnastics (and also bite). She is six years old but she acts like she is eight. You can hear her yell from a mile away. She is very fast for her age. She is also big and strong. She is skinny as well. She sometimes thinks she is Wonder Woman.

A FOREST FIRE

By Keith Hodgkins 5M

One day my friend and I went out camping in the forest. It was a very nice feeling to see the rabbits running and the squirrels chattering away. You could hear the birds singing and the foxes howling.

We found a nice bit of ground to put up our tents. I went collecting wood for a fire, while Craig Morbey unpacked the pots, pans, sleeping bags, tents, food and bags for the garbage. It was getting late so we made our supper which was chicken and potatoes. Then we put out the fire, went to read, after that we both went to bed.

In the night you could hear the wolves howling and the foxes barking. In the morning breakfast was already made. We had eggs and bacon and hot cocoa. My friend Craig is an excellent cook. The next thing we did was to go exploring, we climbed trees and had berry fights. Craig had to give up because I had cornered him. We often liked watching the squirrels come and eat the bread we gave them. But once I thought a lion was coming but it was only two rabbits. We headed home when we suddenly heard a crackling of a fire. It turned out to be a forest fire. It was so hot that we had to run to get away from the fire. Animals were running for their lives. I was tripped by a bunch of rabbits. I got my walkie talkie and said, "This is Keith Hodgkins speaking, I report a forest fire near the Crooked Canyon it's an emergency." I heard sirens in the distance, the fire engines screeched to a halt. I saw firemen carrying hoses and chain saws to cut down trees. I stood still for a second until I saw a baby fawn fall. A fireman took care of it and carried on with his work. I got so hot I fell to the ground.

The next thing I knew I was in hospital. I found out that I had got heat stroke. After two days in hospital I got out. One day after that Craig and I got an award for saving Phantom Forest from ashes. The award was a shield with a four leaf clover in the middle.



J. PRADO

11 yrs



B. GRINGLEY

11 yrs

“HOW FIERCE IS IT?”

By Matthew Clifford 5M

“Wow, that was a good show for T.V.”, I said to myself. “That was one of the best T.V. shows about a storm I’ve ever seen!”

I was getting tired, since that show was a great show Movie for Late nights which is it’s name.

“Now, that’s what I call a nice supper”, I said when I had finished my cooked fish. “Can I go to bed Ma?”

“Yes, you may, but I think I remember you saying you wouldn’t get tired of that late show”.

“Well, nobody’s perfect,” I said, but I don’t think it did any good.

“BRRRRR!!!!” I thought to myself. “Maybe I should close the window, it should keep warm then”. But it still didn’t keep warm, it was cold enough to turn me into an ice human — “CRASH” The window had been broken by a rock and some pieces of wood which had been carried across the air by the wind that a storm was coming. I yelled out, “STORM,” but then I remembered that you call out fire, and not storm. I woke up Mom and Dad, just so they didn’t get chilly when asleep. I went to my sisters’ rooms and woke them up. But sara, my young sister only screamed because I had woken her up! “All right, now be quiet, that’s enough screaming for to-night — but that doesn’t mean that you can scream the other nights which are coming up soon”.

I could do nothing but try to stop my room and other things from getting blown to bits. “Dad the basement is getting flooded, and i can’t turn off the water!”

“Well, keep on trying until you can get the tap to shut off all the leaks!”

“But there isn’t a tap like that, well at least I didn’t know there was a tap like it”.

“SWOOSH!!!!”

“Yikes!!!!”

Suddenly the lights went out, all was done for, no shut off tanks, no nothing. I could feel the swirling water getting into my throat and also choking me to death!

“Please get to that tap, Son. What’s going on there?”

“SWOOSH!!!!” “Ulp!”

And outside my mother was trying to get people to help work, but only two were useful. I went and just when I had gotten free from the drowning water, I fell right back into the flood. Unfortunately I wasn’t done for, I had scrambled back to safety.

“Dad, where are you?”

“Over here, but I hope you’ve found the tap”.

“Well, I haven’t”

Outside, I could see trees falling on our roof, but then suddenly I saw a brick from the walls move, and then the roof had collapsed. I couldn’t get loose from the stones which were holding me as if I was pinned.

“Help me”

“What’s happened, Son?”

CRACK!!! O O H H.

“Hurry Dad, before that tree comes and flattens me until I’m no more than a flat boy who has a nose out of shape!”

I could feel my blood turn cold with fright when that tree cracked through the roof a little more.

“I’m going to call for help, Son, I think the roof’s weakening too much”.

Then I heard the sirens of police cars and fire trucks coming this way, I also heard that tree twice again.

“My son’s in the basement, he’s going to be killed if you don’t do something about that tree”.

“Thank God they’re here, for if they don’t get going I’ll be flattened”.

The tree was coming right through the walls which was getting on my nerves.

“Here boy, grab onto this piece of rope and tie it around that stone on your side”.

“Rodger Dodger, Ten Four”

The rope was tied onto the stone and then the men started to pull and tug on the rope, trying to get the stone off my side.

“We did it, now tie the rope to that other brick”.

“Oh, great”

“It’s your arm, good, OK”

Soon the stones were off me, but I remembered something — the tree. The tree was still unsafe to be close to.

“Look out!” CRASH!!!

“Hurry, we’ve got to get him out of that place before it’s too late!”

The tree was closing in on me only my hands were free. The men were pulling and pushing on the branch, and then it started to move. It moved a bit more, and then I was free but I felt weary for some time. I fainted when I was helping to put things back into order. When I came to, I found myself in a bed, but it wasn’t my bed, it was a bed all with white sheets. The pillow was white and the sheets felt heavy like material. I soon found out about myself being taken to the hospital by an ambulance in case I might have brain damage. I had been waiting for my mother and father for some hours. Then the door opened and a nurse said that my parents had some trouble getting to the hospital because the car had had the lights broken so they would have to come in the morning. When I woke up I felt dizzy, I thought I saw some people round my bed, but they looked like they had been smudged. I fell back into my coma and it was when at lunch time I saw myself in a sort of mirror, I thought I was having an operation, but I was just having some checkings for my brain. I was back in my room in half an hour and my brain wasn’t so crokey. My mother had come for me some time before this had happened, the time was right for me to go home again, and so I did, and then I was so happy to see my mother again that we had a celebration party for getting me back home in time for my own birthday. And I was so happy to have two parties for the first time.

A FAMOUS DOG

By Jimmy Skinner J5M

One winter day in 1840, an expedition of seven people were climbing the Alps. They expected to be home at night fall, but two hours later a snowstorm occurred.

One person yelled, "There's a shack." Everybody ran through the fresh fallen snow. A couple of minutes later an avalanche started. Hundreds of tons of snow thundered down the mountain. The snow knocked down the big trees and covered everything in its path. One of the things that got covered was the shack with the seven men in it.

When the expedition did not return that night, people decided to send a search party. The search party was made up of five men and a Saint Bernard. A Saint Bernard is a big, furry dog that was raised by the monks of the hospice of the Great Saint Bernard of Menthon. Thanks to their keen scent and their sense of direction, they have saved hundreds of people lost in the snow.

As soon as it got light in the morning, the search party and Barry, the dog, started up the mountain. The searchers carried picks, shovels, rope, first aid equipment and a knapsack full of provisions.

Barry was a big dog. He weighed about two hundred pounds, and his coat was brown and white. He led the searchers up the mountain. The avalanche destroyed all the land marks so the searchers depended on Barry's nose to find the lost expedition.

After a few hours, Barry began to run faster and bark excitedly. Soon Barry stopped and started to dig in the snow. The men started to shovel it away. Soon they began to hear shouts. They sounded soft because of the snow. The searchers had found the lost expedition!

A WINDY DAY

By Philip Clift J6W

The cold rainfilled wind fiercely attacked the long grass. For a moment it looked as if the grass was striking back. The larger trees swayed smoothly enjoying themselves. The wind came in short but sharp blasts.

A leaf was caught off guard and off with the wind it flew. Smart ones hung on for dear life at all times. The sight made me think what it would be like if I were a leaf.

I would be begging the wind to stop. All my strength would be devoted to clinging on to the hopefully firm tree. It would be a desperate battle between the powerful wind and the leaf, me. Finally, I guess I too would be carried off by the wind.

I stopped day-dreaming and started to feel thankful that I did not have a great problem of gripping a tree for life every time a wind came. I watched a leaf fly to the dark heavens, another one did the same, then another. They may not ever touch firm land again. I dismissed this thought from my mind for it gave me a grotesque pain in my stomach. The deep pain was soon replaced by a thankful feeling in my heart. I felt lucky to be who I was.

The wind howled down the chimney and blew in my smiling face.



UNDERSEA CITY

By Geordie Wardman J4L

One day my father came in the room like a chicken with its head cut off. "Yippee, yah hoo, goody, goody, gum-drops! We're rich." I snapped in a startled voice, "we are?" Then he ran into the closet and gave me a scuba diving suit. I asked him, "what is this for?"

"Well, I just found there's a boat for sale. Let's go buy it."

Off we went. When we got there we jumped in and started going out to the marvelous blue sea. We stopped near North Rock. We plunged in the sea. Down, down, down, into the deep, dark depth we went. While we were swimming by we saw sea fans waving here and there like seesaws at the park, and reef fish swimming in and out of the coral. I looked at all the glistening corals, at all sorts and colours. I even saw a shark slowly but anxiously swimming towards me. As it got closer I noticed that it was the great white shark, king of the hunters of the sea. It had a white stomach and five gills and I could see its sharp-edged teeth glistening in the water. When it was three meters away I kicked to escape but as I did the shark darted away but soon came back again with its flippers slowly flapping. I could see it was eager to eat me so I swung my flipper up and down and it darted away. I looked at my air pressure gauge and as I was looking at it the shark came at full speed but luckily brushed against me and shoved me against the coral reef, sending the fish darting out of my way. When my back touched the coral a rock opened up. I swam for my father who was taking pictures of the beautiful fish. I patted him on the back and he came with me. As we entered the cave we saw that there was no water and there were bushes. We walked along and turned a corner, we saw that there were no bushes and it was cold and misty and water was trickling down the sides of the passage. Bats would swoop down every minute or two and the stalactites, which were crystal, looked like knives sticking out of the wall. We turned another corner and before our very eyes we saw a city made of gold, sparkling, glistening, glowing, shining. It looked better than the sunset. The streets were made of gold and there were huge towers and castles and round odd shapes and glass domes which looked like half an egg. There were houses made of gold and the windows were made of crystal and we could see thousands of people dressed in silk and velvet. There I saw a king who saw me and sent guards to capture me. I ran under one of the guards legs and around the other but turned a corner and bumped into a guard. We both fell but I was the first to get up. I ran and found some mini-sea rockets. I saw my father and called but a guard got him so I jumped in one of the rockets and pulled down a lever which was made of gold. Then I pressed a button and I whizzed off and took careful aim and went straight for the guard's head. I hit it fair and square, right in the forehead. It knocked him out and my father jumped in the rocket. I put on full speed and headed straight for the passage out. I looked behind and saw all the people charging after us and all the towers, castles and houses and domes. But soon we lost all the people and were out of the cave. I jumped out and pushed the coral and the cave closed and I jumped back in the rocket. When I got home we told my mother and I even brought some gold to prove it and we got rich.

THE STORM

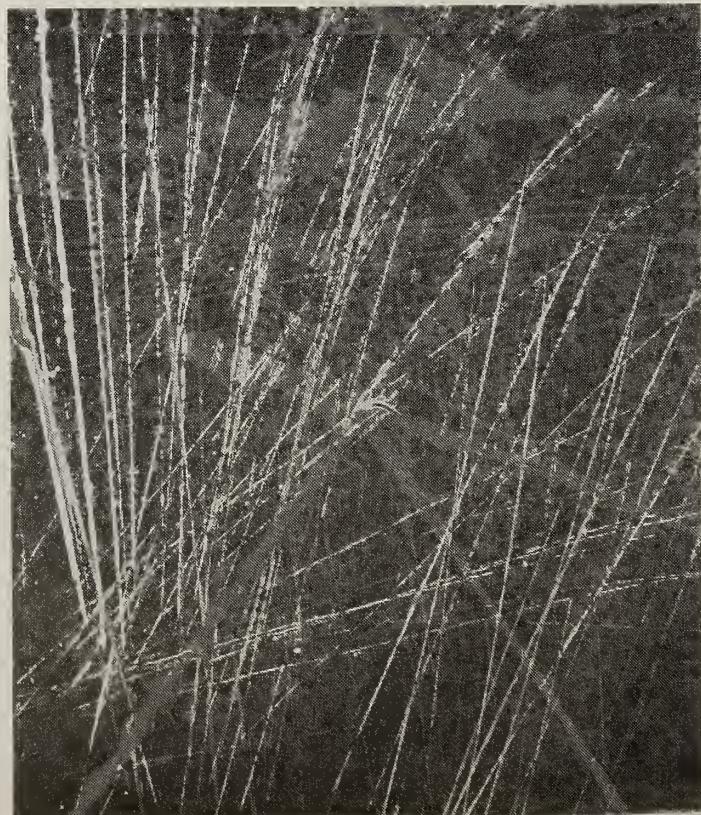
By Andrew Mackay

On one cold night when my dog and I were alone in the house, I suddenly heard a rattle on the window. I shivered and I pulled my dog close. I decided to watch some television so I turned on the television set.

I heard a sound like swirling winds, they howled like coyotes howling before the sunset. Then there was lightning flashing in sheets. I knew it was a storm.

After Starsky and Hutch had finished it started to rain, driving rain came down like bees from a hive. The sky was pitch black, the moon was hidden among the grey clouds. Fires were started by the falling power lines, falling near dead and dry things. Trees were smashing on houses. There were boats adrift in the harbour. There were loud thunder claps and rumbles. There were accidents occurring in the streets.

I wonder how my parents will get home? The next day I saw the sun shining in and it was a nice day. So I got out of bed and had my cereal named Crunch Berries. I decided to put on the radio. It said that a lot of damage had been done. That was quite a storm. My parents had gotten home safely, and I was glad that the storm was over.



J. Patterson

THE BABYSITTER

By Billy Paterson, 4A

My name is Carlos. I am ten years old and I have a younger sister who is three years old. For weeks now I have been saving to buy a skateboard. So when my mother came into the room I asked, "Can you give me the two dollars that I need to buy a skateboard, please?"

"I told you you have to earn the money," she replied.

"Then what can I do to earn it?" I waited.

"I have to go to the store for a few things, if you take care of your sister Mary until I get back, I will give you the two dollars," she suggested.

"Sure that's easy," I laughed.

I thought it was going to be easy.

Mother had just been gone a few minutes when trouble started. I heard this loud carash coming from the kit-

chen. I ran to see what the noise was. The little brat has smashed my mother's best china tea pot.

"Get into my room and stay there until I clean up this mess," I shouted.

I had almost finished clearing the mess up when I heard another crash. I ran into my room to see what was going on. That monster had pulled down my bookshelf. I sent her to her room and told her to stay there until I picked up the books.

I had finished picking up the books when I realized everything was very quiet. I went to look for Mary and found her in my mother's bedroom covered in lipstick. I didn't know what to do. Just then my mother walked in.

"What's been going on here?" she yelled. After I had told her what Mary had been up to she said, "Never mind, I got you the skateboard you have worked so hard for."

One thing for sure even if my mother gives me one hundred dollars I will never baby sit for my sister again.



B. Gring

MUSIC

JUNIOR MUSIC REPORT

This year, in the junior school, the most satisfying aspect of our music making was the involvement of so many children in the rock opera "Joseph And His Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat."

Frankly, it marked the end of an era for me because I doubt if I'll have the necessary talents combined in staff, children, parents and instrumentalists (imagine - a professional string quartet all to ourselves!) ever again.

Everyone worked hard and both Mr. Stones and I were thrilled with the results. It was a case of the right time, the right place and the right people! Thank you all.

Sixty children passed theory exams this year and a greater number than usual will attempt the practical exams at the end of the month.

While this is gratifying and I found that most children do practise hard, there are one or two exceptions and I find this depressing.

It's such a dreadful waste of time and money.

I shall be very sorry to see the departure of the Heller String Quartet.

We have been so fortunate to have them. They have given unsparingly of their time and have been of great value to us. In the last two years string teaching has developed to such an extent that we are now able to have a school orchestra instead of a school band.

This year we decided to hold a school concert to raise funds for the building project and this will take place in June — hopefully with some good results! We really need an art and music block in the junior school.

I was delighted with the efforts of some boys in J6B who organised a fair and raised \$100 to this end. Well done you guys!

Lastly, many thanks to the junior school staff, particularly Mr. Walker, without whose cooperation life could well be impossible — instead of just fantastic!

Marjorie Pettit

MUSIC

By David Stubbs J6W

Music in Saltus is very good. For three years, since I was eight, I have been playing the violin and this year I will be taking my Grade II exam. I have lessons on Wednesday from 3.45 to 4.30 from Mrs. Watlington, and on Friday at lunchtime when I play duets with Adam Payne. Mr. Burrin, a member of the famous Heller String Quartet teaches us. I am a member of the School Orchestra, and on Monday we have a club after school from 3.30 to 4.30. The orchestra will play in the school concert, and on Monday we practice our pieces.

In the music lesson Mrs. Pettit teaches us the theory of music and about the lives of the composers. This year John Paul Skinner and I took Grade III and Grade IV theory of music exams. We scored very well, which made Mrs. Pettit as pleased as we were.

On Tuesday we have a choir period in the afternoon during which pupils in the Sixth and Seventh Grade practice their songs to prepare for the Annual School Concert for The Committee of 25. We will sing a variety of about nine songs. There will also be Choral Speaking in the concert. The school also puts on a Christmas production every year and last year they put on Joseph and His Amazing Technicolor Dream Coat, the year before was Smike and the year before was Cinderella.

I think that Saltus pupils are very fortunate to have the wide range of musical exposure, thanks to Mrs. Pettit and her helpers, and that we should take advantage of the opportunities that are provided.



Saltus Orchestra — move over Lawrence Welk, turn over Haydn.

(Photos by Walker)



The "Heller Group". The Quartet has gone, but left behind strong roots.

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC EXAMINATION RESULTS

THEORY

GRADE I

Henry Adderley
Scott Amos
Ian Braekstone
Christopher Bryan
Andrew Clark
Simon Copely
Michael A.E. Davis
Charles Dunstan
Nicholas Dyson
Mark Essner
Andrian Fusinaz
Andrew Griffiths
Richard Hammond
Alexander Hunter
Erik Jackson
Jason Jones
Benjamin Judah
Michael Klein

GRADE I cont.

Bruce Lattyak
John Logan
Kevin Mayall
Kirk Marcoe
Christopher Marshall
John Menge
Marco Montarsolo
Christopher Powell
Jeffrey Ryall
Andrew Shutter
Scott Simmons
Christopher Spurling
Dudley Thomas

Julian Wilkinson
James Young
Reed Young

GRADE II
Marc Bacon
James Burns
Nicholas Campbell
Patrick Caton
Philip Clift
Simon Croft
Patrick Cooper
Kenneth Dallas
Joseph DeSilva
Raymond DeSilva
Nicholas Glynn
James Guishard
Daniel Haygarth
Graeme Hunter
Steven Johnstone
Roland Lines

James Munro
James Mason
Mark Mansi
Ross Morbey
David Mulholland
Jose Prado
John Philip Wolf
Marco Zanoe

GRADE III
John Bluck
Mark Cave
Stephen Davidson

Christian Luthi
Eric Marchais
Adam Payne

GRADE IV
John Paul Skinner
David Stubbs

Flute (Grade 3)
John Bluck (Pass)
Simon Croft (Pass)
St. John Dyson (Merit)
Kirk Marcoe (Pass)

Flute (Grade 4)
Christian Luthi (Pass)

Trumpet (Grade 4)
Marc Bacon (Merit)
Ross Moreby (Pass)

PRACTICAL
Violin (Grade 1)
Nicholas Dyson (Pass)
James Mason (Pass)
Robert Petty (Pass)

Violin (Grade 2)
John Paul Skinner (Pass)
David Stubbs (Distinction)

Violin (Grade 3)
Adam Payne (Merit)

Viola (Grade 2)
Jose Prado (Pass)

Cello (Grade 1)
John Philip Wolf (Pass)

Clarinet (Grade 3)
David Mulholland (Distinction)
Andrew Shutter (Pass)
Christopher Spurling (Merit)

Piano (Grade 1)
Nicholas Campbell (Pass)
Patirck Cooper (Pass)
James Mason (Merit)
Eric Marchais (Merit)
Dudley Thomas (Pass)
Marco Zanol (Pass)

Piano (Grade 2)
Daniel Haygarth (Pass)

Piano (Grade 3)
James Guishard (Pass)
John Paul Skinner (Pass)

MUSIC COMPOSITION

By Erik Jackson J6W

This year, having been my first time at Saltus, I have learned very much in music. In theory and actual playing, there has been an improvement from my other school. Having been admitted to the school orcehrastra also helped me with my saxophone. This instrument produces a beautiful, smooth sound varying from an extreme low note to a very high pitched tone. It has many keys and takes a long time to learn all the different hand positionings. Its long slender body curves in different directions from the mouthpiece clear down to the bell which opens out to project the sound made by the instrument. My particular saxophone is aB flat sax because all fingers off is B flat.

Our musical production which we put on earlier in the year called Joseph and his Amazing Technicolour Dream Coat was a big success. Mrs. Pettit and Mrs. Stones put a lot of hard work and thought into the rock opera to make it what it was. Now we're moving our attention to another play which is "Jesus Christ, Super Star." The choir and choral speaking are now starting to shape us to such an extent that it looks like this will be a success, also.



Just fiddling around



CHARACTERS

JOSEPH

Christian Luthi

JOSEPH'S BROTHERS:

REUBEN
ZEBULUN
LEVI
NAPHTALI
SIMEON
BENJAMIN
ASHER
DAN
GAD
JUDAH
ISSACHAR

John Bluck
Richard Boyle
Chris Spurling
Robin Hamill
Michael Moniz
David Stubbs
Nicholas Kempe
Mark Mansi
Stephen Davidson
John Paul Skinner
Robert Fisher

JACOB
Potiphar
Potiphar's wife
Pharoah
BUTLER
BAKER

Gareth Cooper
Andrew Shutter
John Hayward
Philip Clift
Marc Bacon
Jose Prado

ISHMAELITES

Mark Chudleigh
Sean Darling
Grant Brandson
Thad Murdoch

SLAVE GIRLS

Patricia Martin
Lisa Mello

SLAVES

Grant Brandson
Mark Chudleigh
Adam Payne
Erik Jackson
Graeme Hunter
Mark Cave

NARRATOR

Scott Kitson



Potiphar accuses Joseph



A Swinging, Singing Pharoah



Some of Joseph's Brothers



Joseph in Prison



Joseph's Technicolor Dreamboat

PRODUCTION TEAM

led by

RON STONES

Musical Director Marjorie Pettit
Technical & Lighting Rawdon Walker

The Set and Props

Kay Latter
assisted by
Kay Walker
Myra Armstrong
Ann Boyle
Mark Beasley
and the Theatre Arts Club

Make-up & Dressing

Kay Walker
assisted by
Molly Luthi
Patricia Pedro
Ann Boyle
Wendy Hamill
Judy Kitson
Lilian Williams

House Manager

John McEwan

assisted by

Bruna Foladore
Grace Heuser
Patricia Shutter
Mary Martin
Beryl Roberts

Stage Manager

Keith Ackland

Administrator

Eileen Wilkie

THE MUSICIANS

Marjorie Pettit
Rod Meredith
Michael Bishop
and the Heller String Quartet, appearing by kind permission of the Menuhin Foundation

Jean Fletcher
Philip Burrin
Ross Cohen
Paul Moxon

ACTIVITIES OF THE JUNIOR ARM OF THE COMMITTEE OF 25

TAG DAY AUGUST 20th, 1977

Over seventy volunteers from the Junior School helped to make Tag Day the most successful one ever recorded. Boys worked in twos and threes wearing special tee shirts identifying them as Junior members of the Committee of 25.

"On Tag Day I was nervous when I timidly approached my first customer and asked if he would be kind enough to buy a tag. Luck was on my side and I was soon selling many tags. Later, as I walked back to Headquarters with my full box, I thought of the jingling coins that would help to buy a new brace or wheel chair for a handicapped child and I felt pleased that I had helped in some small way. To me, being a member of the Committee of 25 is an honour and I always wear my tee shirt with pride."

Ross Morbey, J6W

Christmas Activities 1977

Christmas Card and Diary Competitions

Number of Children who participated	=	108
Number of cards sold	=	15,719
Number of orders delivered	=	1,020
Number of diaries sold	=	400

Prizewinners

J7 — Christian Luthi
J6 — Stevem Nanemsee
J5 — Kirk Heuser
J4 — Henry Adderley

Overall winner Thomas Dunstan J6W
Winner Diary Competition Derek Theisen J7S

One of the most popular Christmas Cards, the Nativity Scene, was designed by **Graham Boyle and Douglas Patterson J7S**.

"In November Mrs. Williams gave us our order forms and some sample cards and the day after I received them I went out taking orders from various people in the neighbourhood. Some people bought 20, some only 3, but I felt so good when Mrs. Cox bought 300! I remembered that every 25c. went to help a handicapped child so I was determined to sell a lot. Selling the next 300 was quite hard because I had already approached most people — but finally I managed to sell at least 600 and win a prize."

(Christian Luthi J7S)

Sponsored Bicycle Ride

Several members of J7, Scott Kitson, John Bluck, William Smith and Ian Pitcher, decided to work on a small project of their own and earned \$145.55 between them.

"It was when I was over at John's house that we decided to make some money by having a sponsored bike ride. John and I called up all the people we could think of but only three of them could participate with us. We collected pledges from our sponsors and the cyclists met at the flagpole. All five of us rode from the flagpole to the town of St. George's where we had lunch. Then we rode back to Hamilton where we all departed to collect the money we had earned for our ride."

(Scott Kitson J7S)

Toy Collection

Almost every Junior School boy donated a toy to the annual Christmas toy collection. Those toys in excellent condition were given to the children at St. Brendan's Hospital and the rest were re-sold at the Bargain Box.

This year, all money from these activities will be used to help finance the Committee's major project — the construction of a swimming pool for the physically handicapped people of Bermuda. Well done, Juniors, keep up the good work!

L. Williams



Best sellers for Committee of 25 Christmas Cards & Diaries: C. Luthi; T. Dunstan; D. Theisson; H. Adderley; K. Heuser; S. Babensee.

SPORTS IN THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

SOCER

BSSF (CENTRAL 1 League)

P	W	D	L	F	A
6	6	0	2	9	8

OPPOSITION — DELLWOOD, WEST PEMBROKE, VICTOR SCOTT.

Victor Scott School beat us twice and so they were the league champs this year. We had to settle for 'runners-up'.

FULL SQUAD —

R. Boyle (2 goals), W. McHarg (1), W. Smith (2), M. Mansi (1). J. Prado (1), A. Dias (1), B. Morris (1), S. Croft, J. Mason, R. Morbey, D. Mulholland, C. Spruling, K. Hamill, I. Pitcher, K. Thompson, P. Brown, R. Amott, M. Moniz, N. Kempe, G. Thomas, M. Way.

BSSF 6-A-SIDE LEAGUE

Played in October prior to the start of the 11-a-side league games the round robins for A and B teams both ended in three way ties.

Saltus 'A' team won their play offs against West Pembroke and Dellwood in regular games but in the 'B' section the three teams Saltus, M.S.A. and West Pembroke still ended tied and so had to have a three way penalty competition — in the dark as it turned out. Fortunately our boys were able to see a little clearer than the opposition and emerged winners. So both our A and B Squads went to National Stadium for the finals. There we managed third and second places in the round robin.

'A' Squad: A. Dias, N. Kempe, W. McHarg, M. Mansi, R. Boyle, M. Way.

'B' Squad: J. Prado, R. Amott, W. Moniz, P. Brown, G. Thomas, B. Morris, J. Mason, R. Morbey & I. Pitcher.

IN—SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

SOCER

In the Inter House Soccer League no house established a clear superiority as the league places indicate:-

FINAL TABLES

		P	F	A	Pts
J4 & J5					
	W.	6	13	1	10
	S.	6	4	1	9
	D.	6	1	7	3
	B.	6	4	10	2
J6 & J7					
	B	6	6	2	8
	D	6	7	6	7
	S	6	6	6	6
	W	6	5	10	3
COMBINED:					
	S	12	10	7	15
	W	12	18	11	13
	D	12	8	13	10
	B	12	7	12	10



J4 & J5 Champions — Watlington Soccer Squad.



Most of the 2 teams which gave Saltus House the overall Soccer Championship.

CROSS COUNTRY

The cross country races this year went around the dunes of Horseshoe Bay — an arduous course with narrow tracks and our runners found difficulty getting good places. We only took one team of Under 11 boys — J.H. Ferguson (28), M. Zanol (44), A. Fusinaz (66), W. Smith (49), P. Clift (84), J. Mason (83).



Under 11 Cross Country Team: Bk. row, l-r. M. Zanol; W. Smith; J.H. Ferguson. Ft. row, l-r. A. Fusinaz; J. Mason; P. Clift.

THREE-A-SIDE GYM HOCKEY

Thirty three teams entered our second annual luncheon tournament and after two weeks of hectic play the finalists were the Golden Eagles (A. Dias, W. McHarg, S. Babensee) and Falcons (R. Boyle, A. Babensee, R. Amott.)

At the end of regulation time the score was tied 1-1. In 'sudden death' penalties the Falcons missed their second shot so The Golden Eagles were victorious.



3-a-side Hockey (winners & Runners up): Bk. row, l-r. R. Boyle; R. Amott; A. Babensee. Ft. row, l-r. S. Babensee; W. McHarg; A. Dias.

ATHLETICS

Fourteen of our boys competed in the zone preliminary heats at National Stadium and three got through to the finals — J.H. Ferguson (U.10 Long Jump placed 4th), R. Amott (U11 High Jump placed 4th), R. Morbey (U11 Long jump placed 1st).

TEAMS:

U10 J.H. Ferguson, C. Morbey, M. Klein, M. Zanol.
U11 R. Amott, R. Morbey, M. Mansi, J.P. Skinner.
U12 R. Hamill, A. Bortoli, W. McHarg, G. Thomas, W. Smith, M. Chudleigh.

In the heats Ross Morbey jumped 4.73 m. — a new school record.



Athletic team Inter School Sports: Bk. row, l-r. J.H. Ferguson; R. Hamill; M. Mansi; A. Bortoli; R. Amott; R. Morbey; R. Smith. Ft. row, l-r. C. Morbey; M. Zanol; J.P. Skinner; M. Chudleigh; G. Thomas; W. McHarg; M. Klein.



Roger Amott has developed an excellent flop in High Jump.



J.H. Ferguson jumped into 4th place.

SOFT BALL

Inclement weather forced the cancellation of our Fathers vs The Boys game on Founders Day ... perhaps fortunately for the Fathers - they were to play a team which became undisputed National Champions.

The first Interschool Softball Competition for Boys was held this year and we emerged victorious. We played six games on Friday 23rd June and won them all beating:

West End 10-0, Paget 7-1, Elliott 6-0, Harrington Sound 4-3, Glebe 6-1, Heron Bay 4-0.

Squad with positions — R. Boyle (2B), G. Thomas (SS), J. Hayward (1B), A. Dias (Catcher), M. Moniz (P + OF), A. Bortolio (P + OF), R. Hamill (P + 3B), W. Smith (3B + OF), J. Mason (OF), I. Pitcher (OF), N. Kempe (OF), E. Jacksonson (OF), R. Smith (OF), B. Morris (OF).



Island Softball Champions

INTER-HOUSE SOFTBALL

The overall standard of Softball continues to improve in school, and this was quite obvious to all who watched the House games.

ROUND ONE — Watlington 16 — Saltus 6

ROUND TWO — Darrell 12 — Butterfield 11

CONSOLATION — Butterfield 16 — Saltus 6

FINAL — Watlington 15 — Darrell 9



AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION AWARDS SCHEME

Throughout the Summer term, in games lessons, lunchtimes and after school, every boy in the school was given the opportunity to try his best in up to fourteen athletic events and then to try to improve on these performances.

These boys achieved the maximum FIVE STARS in either THREE events or DECATHLON.

J7S — J7A	THREE EVENTS	DECATHLON
	R. Amott	R. Amott
	A. Bortoli	A. Bortoli
	M. Chudleigh	M. Chudleigh
	R. Hamill	R. Hamill
	W. Smith	W. Smith
	G. Thomas	G. Thomas
		R. Boyle

J6W + J6B

M. Mansi	M. Mansi
J. Mason	J. Mason
R. Morbey	R. Morbey
B. Morris	B. Morris
D. Mulholland	D. Mulholland
J. Prado	J. Prado
J.P. Skinner	J.P. Skinner
O. Sommer	O. Sommer
M. Zanol	M. Zanol
J.H. Ferguson	J.H. Ferguson
S. Babensee	S. Babensee
N. Stratford	N. Stratford

J5W + 5M

R. Lines	R. Lines
C. Morbey	A. Fusinaz

SCHOOL SPORTS DAY

Outstanding individual performances:-

J4	B. Smith (S)	High Jump	1.05m
	A. Griffith (S)	Long Jump	3.25m
	B. Smith	100m	16.1 sec.
	B. Smith	400m	80.5 sec.
J5	I. Brackstone (D)	High Jump	1.12m
	C. Morbey (B)	Long Jump	3.50m
	C. Morbey	100m	15.1 sec.
	C. Morbey	400m	72.2 sec.
J6	M. Mansi (D)	High Jump	1.20m
	R. Morbey (B)	Long Jump	4.05m
	R. Morbey	100m	15.1 sec.
	J.H. Ferguson (W)	400m	71.9 sec.
J7	R. Amott (W)	High Jump	1.26m
	A. Bortoli (W)	Long Jump	4.05m
	W. McHarg (B)	100m	14.6 sec.
	R. Hamill (B)	400m	71.4 sec.

In the 1500m. open, the first four boys all beat last years time so easily the timekeepers were somewhat perplexed!

FIRST:	— Marco Zanol	5 mins. 7 secs.
SECOND:	— Roland Lines	5 mins. 36.4 secs.
THIRD:	— James Ferguson	5 mins. 37.0 secs.
FOURTH:	— Philip Marsh	5 mins. 48. 6 secs.

All remarkable performances.



Alex Bortoli (J7 Champ); Marco Zanol (1500m. winner); Adam Payne & John Hayward, all Watlington!



Champions on Sports Day: B. Smith (J4); C. Morbey (J5); R. Morbey (J6); A. Bortoli (J7); M. Zanol (1500m.)

TROPHY & SHIELD WINNERS

J4	Champion	Billy Smith
J5	Champion	Craig Morbey
J6	Champion	Ross Morbey
J7	Champion	Alex Bortoli
1500m.	Open	Marco Zanol
J4 + J5	Tug O'War	Darrell
J6 + J7	Tug O'War	Darrell
J6 + J7	Tug O'War	Watlington
J4	4x100m. Relay	Saltus 71 secs.
J5	4x100m. Relay	Butterfield 86 secs.
J6	4x100m. Relay	Darrell 64.2 secs.
J7	4x100m. Relay	Butterfield 61 secs.

Victor Ludorum — Craig Morbey.

HOUSE SHIELD	Butterfield	155 pts.
	Watlington	199 pts.
	Darrell	111 pts.
	Saltus	98 pts.



Watlington pulling hard



McHarg brings home Butterfield in 1st place — J7 relay



A. Davis; J. Menge; B. Menzies; Murdoch in J4 75m. sprint.



Brian Lightbourn in J6 Long Jump



Sports Day Chaos



ACTIVITIES OUTSIDE SCHOOL

Our boys at Saltus do not restrict themselves to sport in school, they take part in a surprising range of activities and often achieve notable results:-

SWIMMING:

Harbour Swim Club & Triangle Swim Club

A. Fusinaz, A. Scott, I. Brackstone, St. J. Dyson, P. Cooper, R. Hammond, S. Amos, J. Cornes, P. Amott, M. Mansi, R. Morbey, N. Dyson, C. Collier, S. Babansee, R. YOung, J. Patterson, C. Morbey, D. Scheland.

Dept. of Youth & Sport, at White's Island — Qualifiers:

R. Young, A. Clarke, N. New, A. Scott, A. Fusinaz, M. Montarsolo, R. Hammond, P. Cooper, B. Huxley, J. Cornes, S. Croft, R. Morbey, M. Mansi, C. Spurling, B. Lightbourn, C. Morbey, G. Lovell, D. Kendall.

SAILING:

Dept. of Youth & Sport at White's Island

D. Haygarth, F. Laing, M. Simons, B. Gibbons, P. Vermeulen, P. Brown, C. Spruling, N. Dyson, J. Northcott, S. Babansee, D. Kendall, A. Mackay, B. Walker, B. Lightbourn, A. Lewin, N. Blatcher.

with RHADC — RBYC — or St. George DSC

K. Heuser, S. Davidson, B. Rosoreia, C. Luthi, C. Powell, J.H. Ferguson, K. Marcoe, R. Young, C. Marshall, J. Stephens, A. Leseur, C. Curtis, B. Grindley.

KARTING:

S. Kitson, M. Soares.

TEN PIN BOWLING:

M. Lindo, M. Moniz, Patricia Martin.

FIELD HOCKEY:

A. Dias, M. Moniz, N. Stratford.

MINI-RUGBY:

A. Clarke, N. New, K. Heuser, A. Scott, R. Young, R. Hammond, P. Cooper, H. Adderley, S. Copley, K. Dallas, G. Ryall, R. Fisher, C. Spruling, R. Morbey, C. Powell, R. Young, C. Marshall, N. Stratford, K. Hodgkins, A. Mackay, C. Morbey, A. Ballard, M. Clifford, N. Blatcher, A. Lewin, A. Stratford.

HORSE RIDING:

R. Marshall, G. Hunter, A. Dias, A. Davis, S. Dickinson, A. Bortoli.

ON U.S. NAVAL BASE

BASEBALL —

Minors:

K. Hamill, G. Wardman, B. Smith, M. Bacon, E. Jackson, J. Mason, S. Babansee, R. Young, C. Curtis, J. Skinner, P. Dill, C. Boyle.

Majors:

G. Cooper, J. Hayward, J. Bluck, W. Smith, R. Hamill, R. Smith, R. Boyle, C. Luthi, S. Kitson, K. Way.

The following made the ALL STAR GAMES:-
MINORS: E. Jackson, J. Mason, M. Bacon, S. Baben-see, C. Boyle.

MAJORS: R. Boyle, W. Smith, R. Hamill, J. Hayward.

BASKETBALL —

MINORS: B. Smith, E. Jackson, C. Boyle, K. Way.

MAJORS: R. Hamill, R. Boyle

AMERICAN FOOTBALL:

MINORS: J. Mason, K. Way, B. Fisher, C. Boyle.

TENNIS:

Prizewinners at Pomander Gate:

A. Scott, W. Smith, C. Spurling, S. Croft, C. Boyle, J. Ingham.

Bacardi Youth Tournament:

A. Fusinaz.

CYCLING:

1978 "Bike Train":

R. Morbey, M. Mansi, C. Morbey, S. Croft, C. Spurling, J. Prado, St. J. Dyson, D. Haygarth, N. Blatcher, P. Cooper.

Police Gymkana:

C. Spurling — Champion in b-10yrs group.

FISHING:

Jose Prado boated these:

Almaco Jack 26 lbs on 121 test.

Almaco Jack 26 lbs on 121lb test.

Alison Tuna 39 lbs on 121 lb test.

Wahoo 39 lbs on 201 test.

and won the Junior prize in the Regiment's Tournament with a 29 lb Blackfin Tuna on 12lb test.

MAY 24th MARATHON:

Marco Zanol (53rd), Roland Lines (76th), Robert Jones (161st) — all ran remarkably well.

ATHLETICS

Ross Morbey ... placed first in 11-12 years Long Jump in National Finals.



Robert Jones — Youngest runner in the May 24th Marathon.

SALTUS GOLF CLUB

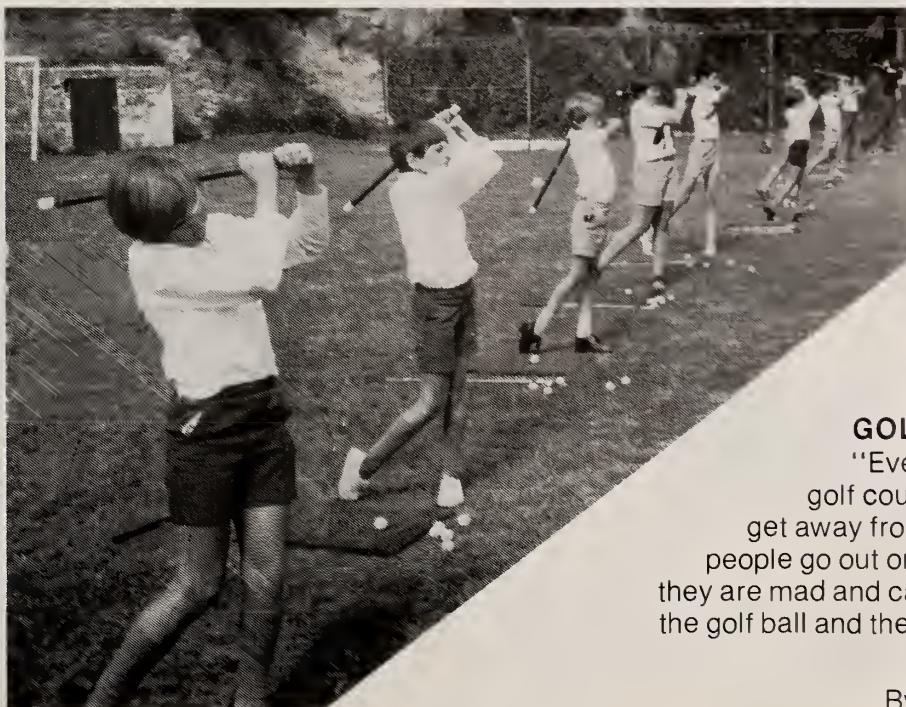
Unfortunately, this year we lost many of our best golfers to colleges and universities and it will take some time before our programme will produce enough skilled players to fill the void left by their departure.

In spite of difficulties such as detentions, competition from other sporting activities and often lack of sufficient field space, members of the Saltus Golf Club met for coaching sessions throughout the school year on Mondays and Wednesdays. When the weather was inclement, we made use of some excellent films on loan from The Bermuda Golf Foundation. These films which teach the boys etiquette, golf rules and all the important fundamentals of the game, form an essential part of the overall programme of golf development.

The next stage in this progression of learning, is to encourage the boys to play as often as possible on actual golf courses and to participate in Junior tournaments. Last summer six tournaments were organised at different golf courses and the boys enjoyed the experience gained from meeting and playing with boys of the same age from other schools. Two of the most successful competitors were James Mason and Brian Morris whose pockets were heavy with golf balls which were given as prizes at the final prizegiving at Belmont Golf Club.

The first Junior Championship was held at Belmont in September and the winner with the lowest gross score was James Mason. Brian Morris won the prize for the lowest net score. In the Senior Championship, The Dunkley Bowl for low gross was won by Ken Cansler and the Handicap Shield for low net went to Benson Leitch.

In our group there are boys who are potentially capable of achieving great success, but standards of excellence in golf can be achieved only as a result of disciplined practice. It is hoped that parents will become part of this golf development programme by encouraging the boys to play as often as possible. Even our youngest golfers realise that there is far more to golf than chasing a little white ball around a golf course(C & L Williams)



GOLF

"Every time I go out on the golf course I enjoy myself and get away from my problems. Some people go out on the golf course when they are mad and can put all the blame on the golf ball and then hit it so far!"

By James Mason J6W

SWIMMING

Most of the credit for our continuing success in swimming must go to the Harbour and Triangle Swimming Clubs as almost all our boys are members. However in the B.S.S.F. Swim Meet ten boys winning 14 firsts, 2 seconds and 1 third, Roger Amott getting his usual (!) five. We won both medley and free style relays in the two age groups, under 10 and and under 12.

TEAMS — with places in brackets:

- U. 9 — C. Morbey (1,1,1) P. Cooper (1,1)
- U.10 — S. Babensee (1,1,2) A. Fusinaz (1,1)
- U.11 — R. Amott (1,1,1,1,1) M. Mansi (1,1,1) R. Morbey (1,1)
- U.12 — J. Bluck (2), R. Hamill (3), D. Swift (1).



INTER HOUSE CROSS COUNTRY RACES

RESULTS

J4 & J5

Team Places:	J4 & J5	
	1. BUTTERFIELD	108 pts.
	2. DARRELL	112 pts.
	3. SALTUS	145 pts.
	4. WATLINGTON	201 pts.

Individual Places:

1. A. Fusinaz	D.
2. R. Lines	S.
3. C. Morbey	B.
4. A. Griffith	S.

J6 & J7

Team Places:

1. DARRELL	93 pts.
2. WATLINGTON	136 pts.
3. BUTTERFIELD	176 pts.
4. SALTUS	258 pts.

Individual Places:

1. J.H. Ferguson	W.
2. M. Zanol	W.
3. P. Marsh	S.
4. W. Smith	S.

Overall Team Places:

1. DARRELL	205 pts.
2. BUTTERFIELD	284 pts.
3. WATLINGTON	337 pts.
4. SALTUS	403 pts.

Unbeaten Swimmers in any event since they joined Junior School; R. Amott; R. Mansi; R. Morbey.



A 'Bobby Jones Dozen' coached by our visiting M.C.C. coach for 8 weeks.



Gardening Club Miss Armstrong's finest with rosettes from the Ag. Show & our only rake.



Teachers 1977 — 78

THE PREP. SCHOOL

TEACHERS:

Mrs. R.M. Hopkins — Head of Department
Miss W. Thompson
R. Meredith, Esq.
Mrs. E. Hyland
Mrs. P. Sampson
Miss E. Riches
Mrs. S. Bacon



Mrs. Hopkins

One day I was walking in a dump and suddenly the ground opened and I fell in. I fell into some water then I saw a sea monster. Luckily I had my mask and flippers. I put them on and I swam away. Then the water seemed to be pulling me down. I realized I was on an Island. I saw a sign. It said SKELETON ISLAND. Then I saw a skeleton. He said he was a good one he gave me a map. I discovered it was a treasure map. I dug it up. Then he gave me a ship it looked like a flying saucer. I flew back with the gold. I gave it to the government. They said I could keep it so I did.

By Christopher Leach 2H

One day in December I went out to sea to find a ship that was lost. We had gone 2,000 miles when something came out of the water. It was a giant turtle with a sea monster. The sea monster gulped us up. Inside it was a big station. Some guards took us to the driver. He said we want your sea guns and the power of your boat ... I said no, he told the guards to take us to the dungeon. I saw a window that was 800 feet up. I had some ropes so we climbed out. We put security belts on and got our guns ready. We snuck through the ship and killed two guards. I was burning the exit of the sea monster and we went out to sea. The giant turtle came. I shot him. So we had one less. We put a cover over the boat so we could go under water. We went to my submarine garage and went away in a submarine. We went back to the sea monster. He gulped us up again. We bashed all the machines and killed all the guards. We locked the driver up and killed the sea monster. We took the driver to jail and found the lost navy ship. I took it into port and went home.

By Sean Dunleavy 2H



Bk. row, l-r. Sean Morris; Mark Ruihiluima; Sergio; Burgess. Ft. row, l-r. Ryan Sumners; Back of Bradfield Adderley (2H).

One day I went to the beach and I found a map. The map said I had to go to America so I got a ship and went to America. Soon we saw America and I got off. When the ship had gone I followed the directions. All at once some pirates jumped out of some trees and captured me. I was taken prisoner on the ship. They made me a cabin-boy. I was made to scrub the deck and find the treasure so I went and tried to find it but I couldn't. I was the only one who knew what was the matter. I had gone the wrong way the gold was South not east. I sneaked away and got the gold but a pirate was watching and tried to get it but I got a knife, killed him and sailed away.

By Sean Dunleavy 2H



Bk. row, l-r. Johnny Astarita; Ben Dyer; Sergio Burgess. Ft. row, l-r. Ryan Sumners; Robert Tailford; Mark Nash; Malcolm Raynor (2h).

One day I went to dig and I saw a box and I thought it was a box of candies and when I dug some more I saw a piece of paper and it said — the powder of life and the powder of life brought my snowman to life and I saw the snowman work to my life and the snowman went in my house and scared the mum!

By Nigel Williams 2R Prep School.

One day I was looking out of my window and I saw a space ship. It landed in my Garden and a creature came out of the spaceship and they took me away to a planet. I had never seen a planet before. I was afraid at first and then we landed on the planet and they took me inside and they took me to the control room and they showed me to shoot rays and controls buttons and then they took be back home.

By Simon Kilpatrick 2R Prep. School



Materials for Flying Start Program

(Photos by Conyers)

I am going to have a surprise. I will need to have a cave with some pull buttons and some push bottoms. First I will have a bucket of mud and a wire and when somebody walks by the tree the mud will fall on their head. Further down I will have a sign saying dirty aren't you? I will have a can of soda shook up and sign saying open it and the soda goes into the persons face.

By Sean Simons 3M

THE VOLCANO

By David Charles Cooke 3T Prep. School

Once upon a time in New Zealand a volcano erupted violently in mid winter. It caused a tremendous avalanche which buried more than five thousand people. The other countries sent people out with dogs to smell the snow and dig them out. Some of the people took coal back home from the volcano and burned it in the fire place.



Art work 3T

THE SHIPWRECK

By Mark Sumner 3T Prep. School

Once I was in a ship to America. Then one day a storm came and the ship hit some rocks. Then some water came into the ship. But it did not sink because the rocks held it up. Then we saw an island. So we swam to an island. Then I saw a hut and went in. I saw a radio. Then I called for help. Then some boats came and saved us.



A. Stones



N. Leach

PARACHUTING

By Peter Durhager 3M

Once I went to a parachuting stadium. The men are ready to jump out of the plane. They have jumped. When they are half way down they pull the cord and a parachute opens up and the men come slowly down. The plane goes on and on. When the men land everybody claps and then the sky diving is over and everybody goes home.

NEWS

Stories by Prep. 1B (aged 5-6 years)

THE POT LUCK SUPPER

I went with my mummy and daddy and grandma and grandpa to Big Saltus. I saw the movies.

Aidan Stones

THE DOLPHIN SHOW

I saw the dolphins they were jumping through the hoop.

Andrew DeCosta

JUNGLE STORIES

There are some monkeys in the jungle there are snakes too. There are grass and trees too. They eat with their teeth.

David Oliveira



Jungle Project

(Lightbourn)



S. Pearman

SOME VIKING STORIES

The vikings are pooling down the brij, the men are shooting aroes at the vikings.

By Patrick Dobbs

The vikings are cumin to sdeel thins from the village.

Stuart Broadhurst

Here are the vikings pullig the brij dan to get lundun.

Justin Cressal

Vikings make candls ote uv whale fat.

Ian Bridges

The vikings are berene the viking chef in the longship.

Christopher Ward

SPORTS CLUB

By Martin DeSilva 3T prep. School

I chose it because I wanted to learn just like my dad and my brother. It was nearly the same team all the time it was blue and red. Sometimes we win and sometimes we lose. It was OK because it was just a game.

WOODWORK CLUB

By Robert Hall 3T Prep. School

I chose woodwork because I like to make things. I like woodwork in all ways. I like working with Mr. Meredith. It is fun working and making things out of wood. But there is one thing bad about it, it is that it is hard to bang in the nail's!



Woodwork Club — watch out Mr. Williams

(Lightbourn)

GARDENING CLUB

By Christopher Blatcher 3T Prep. School

We plant all kinds of things. We pick oleanders. Oh yes I nearly forgot the people who take care of us are miss Thompson and Mrs. Tucker. I chose it because I can bring yummy things home to eat. I like eating broccoli and we soften the soil with a fork. We spread the soil with a rake.



Gardening Club

(Lightbourn)



MUSIC CLUB

By Chris Brandson 3T Prep. School

I like music because I learn to read music and I play tunes, like the German Folk Tune. Not only that but when you are stuck on a note you must ask Mrs. Hopkins or Miss Corrigan and they will tell you, it's fun to be in music, to play songs in front of the whole school. I remember when Miss Corrigan took Myles, Ashley and I for music. If we didn't get it right the first time we would go over and over it again. We also got to have a little break, like to go to the bathroom and have a drink and then come back.

ART CLUB

By David Charles Cooke 3T Prep. School

I like when we do the printing, with squeeze-prints, and last Thursday we cut paper dolls and trees and all sorts of things, I liked February 23rd when we did butterflies and beetles. I think I will enjoy April 6th, 13th and 20th and 27th. It is very interesting, but sometimes very easy to do it.



Cooking up a storm

(Lightbourn)



"I think I just swallowed a magnet"

(Conyers)



Music Club

(Conyers)

OUTDOOR CLUB

By James Davis 3T Prep. School

In outdoor we go to places, like the Police Station and the Fire Station. The people who take us are Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Blatcher. We usually have treats, like last Thursday we got some cake. One Thursday clubs were cancelled. That was when I was sick!



A corner of the Library

SPORTS DAY



Poise, Dexterity — and tongue biting



Perhaps I should have taken the boxes off my new sneakers.



I thought we'd be using proper barrows



"I always like to be well dressed for Sports Day"



Co-operation in action

(Photos by Conyers)



Teamwork on tiptoe



They didn't tell us these sacks would be full of toads"



"And then I grabbed him by the neck"



"I knew I should have brought my bike"



Now into a pirouette ...

(Photos by Conyers)



In Prep. 3 — and still dribbling!



"Whose got the fastest mum?"



Some of next years crop



We're the greatest



Congratulations to the top team



The clean up crew



At the winners table



"I always thought I could fly"



Mr. Durhager rounds up the winners



(Photos by Conyers)

JUNE 1978

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
General Certificate of Education Exam

Subject Title	English Language
Subject Code No.	161

Physics 1
540

UNIVERS
General Certificate
JUNE 1978
Subject Title
English
Syllabus A

for Candidates

French 3

190

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
General Certificate of Education Examina

JUNE 1978

ORDINAR

French 3

One and a half hours
Answer ALL THREE questions, beginning at
page in the answer book.
You are reminded of the necessity for P. Maths. 2
answers.

JUNE 1978

Subject Title	Physics
Paper No./Title	Paper 1
Subject Code No.	540

UNIVERSITY OF LOND
General Certificate of Education Exam
JUNE 1978
ALTERNATIVE ORD

P. Maths. 1/P. Maths. & Mech. 1/P. Maths. & Stats. 1

870/871/872

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

General Certificate of Education Examination

JUNE 1978

ALTERNATIVE ORDINARY LEVEL

Subject Title and Subject Code No.	Pure Mathematics	870
	Pure Mathematics and Theoretical Mechanics	871
	Pure Mathematics and Statistics	872

Paper No./Title

Subject Title	Pure Mathematics
Paper No./Title	Paper 2
Subject Code No.	870

Two and a half hours
Answer ALL questions in Section A. In Section B, attempt four questions, obtaining for answers to FOUR questions. (If you attempt more than four questions, the best four answers will be taken into account.) All necessary working must be shown. You are reminded of the necessity for clear answers.



The Graduates of 1978





Form 5H



Form 5T





Form 4M



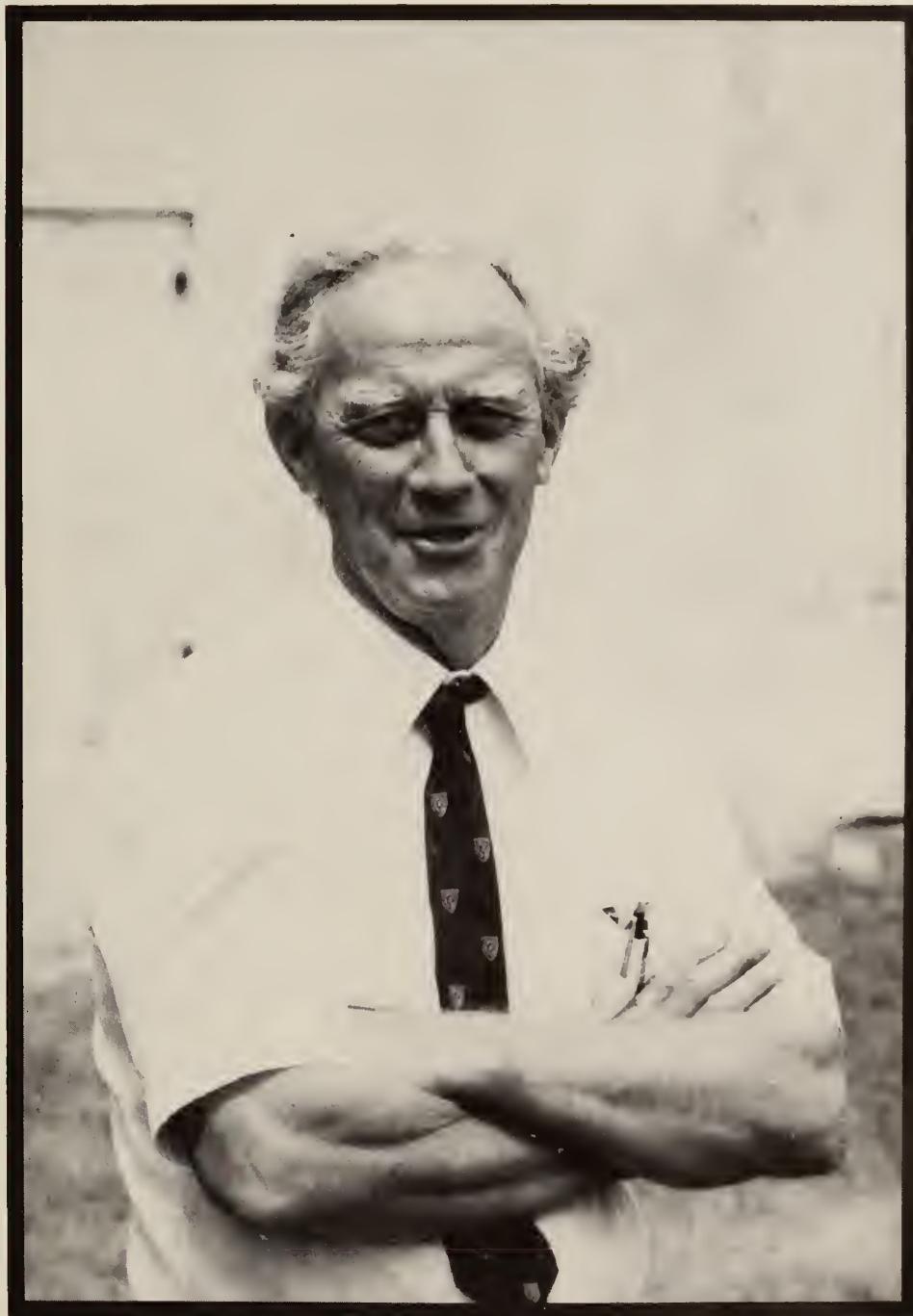
Form 4K



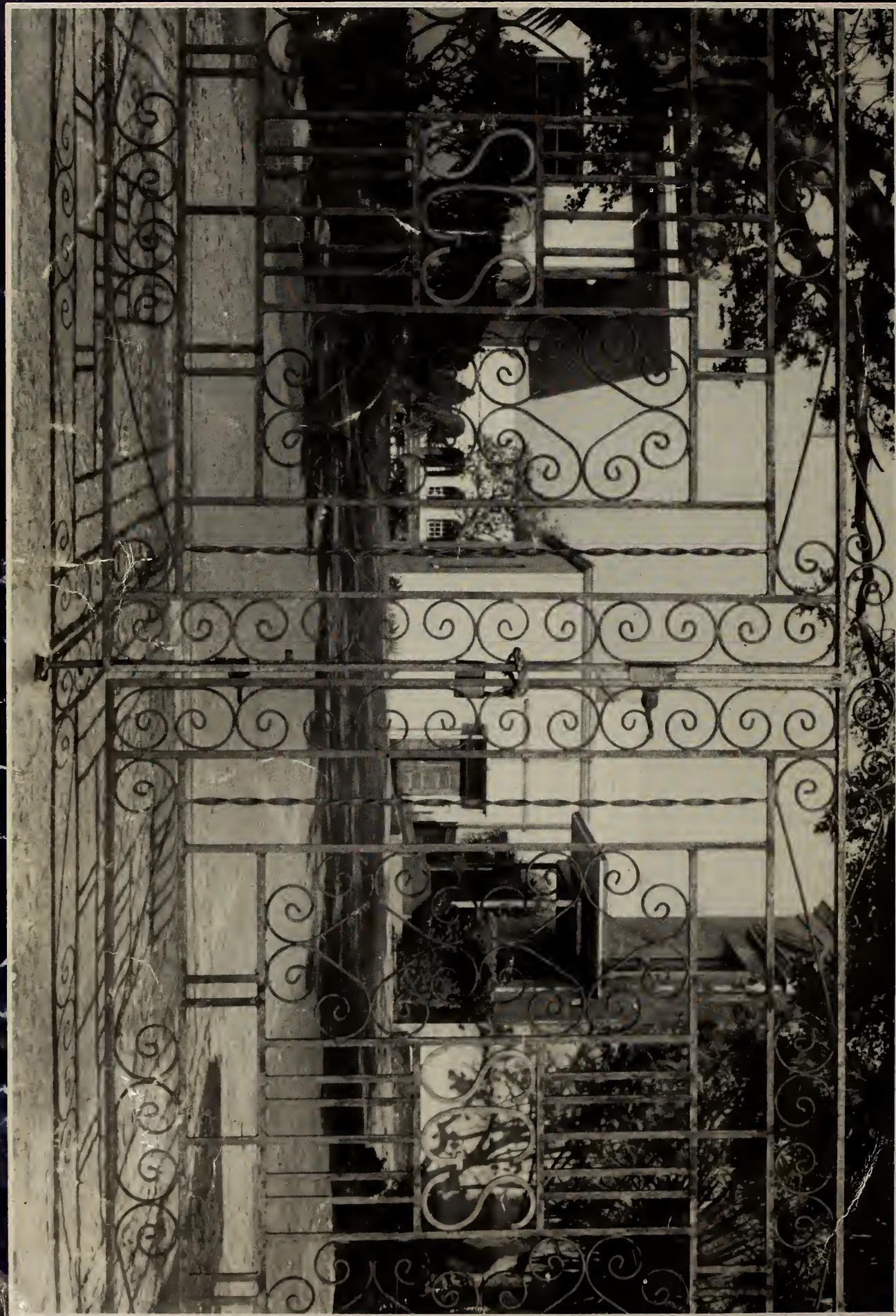
SALTUS GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Leaving Certificate

	Possible Credits	Credits Earned	Application Rating
HONOURS			
1. Bagen, S.J.	178	175	A +
2. Frick, H.L.	178	173	AB
3. Cooke, J.S.	178	156	AB
4. Isbrandtsen, J.H.	171	152	A
5. Vickers, K.E.	171	151	AB
PASS			
6. Jack, G.M.	174	148	A
7. Lines, R.E.	170	147	A
8. Gibbons, R.D.	178	144	AB
9. Collis, C.G.	171	143	AB
Maddern, P.S.	171	143	AB
11. Evans, D.R.	173	142	AB
12. Wittich, P.L.	108	89	AB
13. Clinton, P.A.	170	133	B
14. McGarrity, M.J.	170	132	AB
15. Ball, E.O.	170	126	B
16. Maitland, J.	170	124	B
17. Brown, N.L.	170	122	BC
18. Tavares, L.L.	170	121	B
19. Aubrey, E.R.	170	118	B
20. Madeiros, C.A.	170	116	AB
21. Anfossi, D.C.	167	115	B
McNee, S.R.	124	92	B
23. Marke, H.P.	170	114	BC
24. Rego, J.M.	170	113	BC
25. Madeiros, T.C.	163	112	B
Astarita, C.S.	171	112	B
27. Hayward, T.C.	170	109	B
28. Jorstad, H.T.	174	107	B
29. Joell, D.L.	173	105	C
30. Lambert, K.O.	163	101	B
31. Mocklow, G.O.	163	100	BC
Attendance			
32. Lawrence, E.C.	159	97	BC
33. Madeiros, J.L.	65	38	BC



Mr. Eric Rothwell



SALTUS GRAMMAR SCHOOL - BOOK



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